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SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE author of the "Pleasures of Memory," of "Italy" and of "Human Life," is a poet of the same stamp as Shenstone, if Shenstone had not written "The Schoolmistress." He is a tender and gentle poet; a poet of soft emotions—of the breeze, not of the storm—of April sunshine—of June rather than January. There is a tranquillity of temper, and an evenness of sight about all his poetry—a correct taste, a nice array of imagery, and a gentle kind of versification. His is not the poetry of passion—the whirlwind of thought—the heat of action—the shipwreck and the storm. He is the poet of repose, and writes like Methusalem in the seventh century of his recollection. No one line is better than another; he has no happy couplets applicable to all the nicer uses of our lives. No one quotes him from memory, but critics and friends turn to pretty passages, and call for enthusiasm where a nod of commendation is enough.

Mr. Rogers' two volumes are the two best illustrated books in the language. We feel assured, moreover, that they will never be surpassed. His taste has become a kind of proverb. There is not a bad illustration in the two volumes. A man with a bank at his back may affect a great deal, and effect a good deal more; but the whole banking fraternity in London could not produce an illustrated book like the "Italy." The two volumes are said to have cost Mr. Rogers 10,000*l.*, and it is only of late years that they have begun to pay him. No bookseller could afford to work as Mr. Rogers worked. He would take twenty illustrations from Turner and select five; buy fifty from Stothard and select two. He would even have engravings reengraved; and when reengraved would not unfrequently reject them altogether. We have, indeed, heard that he has as many re-

jected engravings as would make a second "Italy." This good judgment in selection is a rare merit. Pope has a bitter couplet about Quarles and his "Book of emblems"—

**"See where the pictures for the page atone,  
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own."**

This has been with some truth and more malice applied to Mr. Rogers ; for the poet of " Memory " has so worked in his Stothards and his Turners, mixing up poetry and painting so intimately together, that no scissors can create a divorce, or dissolve their union. If you cut out a favorite Stothard to add to your collected works of that inimitable artist, you carry a bit of the " Pleasures " away with you ; or when you select a Turner, you find a portion of poetry at the back. This is working with an eye to the caprices of taste and the revolutions of a good repute. Mr. Rogers' position in the literary world has had many fictitious recommendations. He has not gained his name by his poetry alone : Holland House and the bank in Clement's Lane have done a great deal to push him forward, and to keep him in his false position. His taste in the fine arts implies a taste for poetry beyond the poetry of his printed pieces ; and his sarcastic sayings reveal a genius for satire wanting opportunity rather than inclination.

His house in St. James' Place is what Cowley commends—"a neat pyramid in white marble" of his taste in the fine arts. We have been assured that his collection of pictures has cost him no less than 6000*l.*, yet it contains in it some thirty pictures or so, many by the first masters, and all admirable of their kind. We recollect with pleasure a charming Raphael, commended by Kügler in his excellent Handbook of Painting in Italy, an admirable Titian, a Rubens, a Velasquez, and a Claude. These pictures adorn the

collection; but it is the Sir Joshuas that give a peculiar charm and character to this gallery in miniature. Sir Joshua is never seen in such perfection as he is seen in Mr. Rogers' rooms; his Puck and Strawberry Girl are, as pictures, perfect of their kind.

The library looks upon St. James' Place. The well-filled bookcases, crowned with noble Etruscan vases, at first arrest the spectator's eye; then the trim neatness of the room, with everything in its place, made neat through an innate love of order rather than from a namby-pamby fondness for precision. A clever sketch by Sir David Wilkie is another pleasant feature in this room; but the greatest treasure of all is a quiet-looking little frame hanging in front of one of the bookcases. It is a little history in itself, suggestive of five hundred thoughts—a bit of coarse, common looking paper, framed and glazed, and nothing greater or less than Milton's agreement with Simmonds the bookseller for the sale of "Paradise Lost." This in itself is quite equal to any Raphael. Mr. Rogers bought it at the sale of the effects of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, for the sum, if we recollect aright, of 75*l*.

No one knows Mr. Rogers' age, and it is from this circumstance that the wits have transferred to him of late those merry sayings about Tom Hill. The register containing his baptism is believed to have been destroyed in the great fire:—

"'T is said he's older than he's reckoned,  
And well remembers Charles the Second."

We fear this is not quite true. There is positive evidence, however, in existence, that he walked at the coronation of King George III.; and if the elder Miss Berry would tell us all she knew, she could give in evidence sufficient to prove that her mother, Mrs. Berry, was Mr. Rogers' first and only love. These are the witticisms of the gay, the idle, and the impertinent part of our frivolous fellow-beings; they excite a smile; and Mr. Rogers, who has enjoyed them often in conversation, will not, we feel assured, dislike to see them in print. At the age of eighty-two, healthy in mind, body, and estate, living altogether in the past, and realizing, what poet never did before, the pleasures he has sung in early youth, he will care very little about the impertinences of the younger fry. The ill-natured satire of Lord Byron is more derogatory to his lordship than injurious to Mr. Rogers.

The poet of "Memory" has been seen within this very month to ascend his own stairs two steps at a time, and never condescended to touch a banister. With this active exercise he may at the age of ninety-two be in full trim for a game at leap-frog on Kennington Common. When he has seen a century through, let him be buried in Poet's Corner, near Gay and Sheridan, and close to the coffin or coffin-dust of old Thomas Parr.—*Pictorial Times*.

A BOOKSELLER in Dusseldorf is printing a work which gives a most detailed account of the *eighteen coats* of Jesus Christ, which are preserved in different places in Christendom, with engravings of the coats, and the several medals and documents relating to them, and also reports of the miracles which each of these coats, every one alleged to be genuine, has performed in its own sphere.

## A LYRIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

WINTER has resumed his reign;  
Snow envelopes hill and plain;  
Sleep the summer flowers in earth,  
And the birds refrain from mirth:  
Yet mirth lightens every eye;  
Every pulse is beating high;  
Gladness smiles in cot and hall,  
Like a winsome dame on all,  
And the church-bells sweetly chime,—  
'T is the merry Christmas time.

From the holly-tree be brought  
Boughs with ruby berries fraught;  
Search the gray oak high and low  
For the mystic misletoe;  
Bid the ivy loose her rings  
That round rock or ruin clings;  
Deck the shrine with foliage green;  
In each house be verdure seen,  
Just as earth were in her prime,—  
'T is the cheerful Christmas time.

Pile the board with viands rare,  
Savory dishes—hearty fare;  
Brawn of boar, and capon good,  
Fowls from river, marsh, and wood;  
Partridge plump, and pheasant wild.  
Teal and duck by art beguiled;  
Bid the huge sirloin smoke nigh,  
Luscious pastry, fruit-stored pie,  
Fruit that grew in Eastern clime,—  
'T is the festal Christmas time.

Quickly broach the oldest cask,  
Bring the goblet, bring the flask;  
Ale of England, wine from Spain,  
Rhenish vintage, choice champagne:  
Fill as wont the wassail bowl,  
Let it round the circle trowl;  
Whilst the Yule-fire blazes bright,  
Whilst the Yule-torch lends its light,  
Till we hear the morning chime—  
'T is the joyful Christmas time.

Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,  
Chide no wanderer from the door;  
Bounteous give, with thankful mind,  
To the wretched of mankind,  
This day throws the barrier down,  
'Twixt the noble and the clown;  
For an equal share have all  
In its blessed festival,  
Of each color, class, and clime,—  
'T is the holy Christmas time.

As our fathers used of old,  
Still the solemn rites we hold,  
And with season-hallow'd mirth  
Celebrate our SAVIOUR'S birth.  
Chaunt those ancient carols well  
That the wondrous story tell;  
Call the jocund masquers in;  
Bid the dancers' sport begin.  
Blameless tale and cheerful song  
Shall our merriment prolong,  
Whilst around the church bells chime  
For the solemn Christmas time.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT YORK.

THE British Association for the advancement of science met this year at York during the week between the 26th September and 3d October, being its fourteenth assemblage, and its second visit to that ancient city, where it was originally planned and constituted. Favored during the whole time with brilliant weather, gathering in one of the most beautiful of English seasons, and in the midst of scenes striking from their antique grace and magnificence, it was an extremely pleasant affair, to all at least who, like myself, went in the pure simplicity of a love of science and of science's cultivators, and with no trying or tasking part to sustain in the performances. Arriving the day before the meeting—a party of three—we lost no time in making our way to the place of reception in the Guildhall of the city, where we found the usual bureaux established for the transaction of business with the individual members, under an oaken roof which had probably seen the entertainments of the mayors of York to the presidents of the north in the days of Elizabeth and James. There was the usual difficulty about lodgings, the poorest of all classes of gentlemen being, as in all other places where the association has met, objects of unbounded cupidity to those who had any room to spare; but we at length obtained centrally situated and comfortable quarters in an ancient mansion near the river, the vicarage, we were told, of the adjoining church. This matter being settled, we were at liberty to go about for the gratification of our curiosity; and first we proceeded to the meeting of the general committee in one of the council-rooms adjoining to the Guildhall. Here we found the principal members of the association already assembled, and in full deliberation on arrangements.

Around a long table occupying the centre of a Gothic room, lighted through stained glass, are ranged the venerable chiefs of the British philosophical world, while others sit on forms extending along the walls; about a hundred in all being present. There is a discussion on the claims of the rising science of ethnology, or investigation of the physical characters of nations, to be placed in a section by itself, instead of being grafted on the medical one, which has always been felt as a withered branch of the association. One or two cultivators of this science, from the side walls, make a spirited remonstrance against the Mezentian arrangement, and several of the great men at the head of the table endeavor by soft words to conciliate them. At length, some concessions being made, the ethnologists are satisfied and silenced. Meanwhile many others of the leading savans, taking little interest in these preliminaries, are whispering to each other, or scribbling letters for home. We may take this opportunity to ascertain—from an extensively knowing friend—the names of such of the principal figures as we were not previously acquainted with. And, first, who is that robust man in clerical dress, with a plain and homely, but intelligent face, not unlike what we conceive of Robert Burns!—it is the very reverend Dr. Peacock, so long the pet mathematician of Cambridge, and now Dean of Ely; the president elect, moreover, of the association for the present year. And who is the young Yorkshire-squire-like man, with the florid, good-natured, yet most gentleman-like face, near the dean, and at

the head of the table!—that is the Earl of Rosse, the president about to demit his authority, and who has of late years acquired such celebrity in consequence of his efforts to extend the powers of the telescope. Near him is an elderly, but hale and good-looking man in grayish hair, and a plain colored dress—that is Colonel Sabine, so noted for a particular class of investigations in physics. Next to him, with locks still more silvered, and a pallid but reflective countenance, sits Sir David Brewster, now amongst our savans of oldest standing, and here particularly interesting as the acknowledged father of the British Association. A middle-aged, gentleman-like man, with a finely-carried head, and dark intellectual eyes, rises to speak on some point of arrangement—that is Mr. Murchison, the eminent geologist, author of the great work on the Silurian System, and who employs his leisure and fortune unstintedly in prosecuting his favorite inquiries in other regions besides Britain. These are the principal members near the head of the table; but casting our eyes into the recesses of the room, we quickly discern others of not less note. At the lower end, for instance, sit two men who have just come in, the more robust of the pair—he with the rough florid face, gray eyes, and grizzled hair worn deep over his strongly perceptive forehead—is Dr. Whewell, the author of the History of the Inductive Sciences; the other, pale and slender, with nervous activity speaking so powerfully through his face and frame, is Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, a man of varied acquirements, though most generally known for his recent investigations of the glaciers. The talk of the meeting is, that it is to be a “good” one. There is, however, one blank which all deeply regret—namely, that occasioned by the absence of Dr. Buckland, in consequence of sudden domestic calamity. Even in a section usually rich beyond the rest in attendance, it is impossible to help feeling this disappointment to be very great; and in an individual so popular, the cause of non-appearance is an additional subject of lament.

Afternoon service in that glorious old minster occupied the next hour most gratifyingly. Dinner then had its claims, and these were attended to. Dropping thereafter in a gossiping humor into the Guildhall, we found Professor Sedgwick (just arrived) endeavoring to establish his identity at the life-member bureau. Pointing to the ticket which bore the places of meeting and names of presidents in radiating fashion, “Why,” said he to my companion, “I am one of the rays of the star, [having been president at Cambridge,] and yet they don’t know me.” Very sure did we feel that the young man, seeing him now, could not fail to know him on any future occasion. Having seen the mirthful professor invested with the full privileges of the week, we proceeded to a conversazione in the house of Mr. Philips, one of the few resident members whose fame is of wide extent. We found this gentleman occupying an antique house formerly connected with St. Mary’s Abbey, and conveniently situated near the museum and lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Here we were plunged into a dense mass of learned persons, filling two rooms even while they stood, and comprehending nearly all of any note who had as yet arrived in York. Having interchanged a few words with our entertainer, I was free to roam about the rooms in search of old acquaintances. Meeting with such persons, and hearing



of all their doings since the former assemblage, is always felt as one of the most agreeable circumstances attending the weeks of the British Association. It was already known that there was to be an ample store of good papers at the sections, and that the *personnel* of the meeting was also to be brilliant. Pleasurable expectations, therefore, beamed through every countenance. It was delightful to observe and overhear the mutual greetings of many pairs and groups as they encountered here for the first time since perhaps the last meeting, or some one of earlier date. "How are you, Dr. —? Glad to see you here. Hope you are to read a paper?" And so forth. Many were the aspects, styles of dress, and demeanor of these sons of divine philosophy—some very grave men, some very lively; some in ultra sober, some in gay and fashionable attire; some thin, sharp, and pale, as befits the lingerer by the midnight lamp; others florid, robust, and even burly, as if they were daily engaged in rude exercises. One feature was, however, nearly universal—a certain expansion of the head which habit teaches us to associate on all occasions with superior intellect. It was interesting for one who knew few of the company by name, to reflect that hardly one of the individuals who jostled him in these rooms but bore some high part in the field of letters or science, and would be missed and lamented amongst his countrymen if his light were to be removed from its place.

The association, as is well known, divides itself into seven sections, distinguished by letters of the alphabet, and each of which meets every day of the week from eleven to three o'clock in some conveniently-fitted hall or large room, under a distinct president and officers. This arrangement renders it of course impossible for the members to witness more than a fraction of the business; but, to make matters as easy as possible, programmes of the whole designed proceedings are published every morning, and from these one may select objects to which to give his attention, according as his taste or his sense of their various values may incline. The medical, statistical, and mechanical sections were on this occasion thinly attended; the chemical, zoological, and physical moderately; and the geological largely. The last, indeed, seems to be at all times the leading department of the association. The great writers in the science are always present; hence curiosity: then the comparative intelligibility and popular interest of the subject is attractive. What is strange, there is generally almost as many ladies as gentlemen present. On this occasion, the geologists had for their place of meeting a large old fabric in the beautiful grounds connected with the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the hospitium, namely, or house for the entertainment of strangers belonging to that ancient monastery. Formed of stone in semi-Gothic fashion below, it presents a superstructure composed of bricks in a frame of oaken beams, after the fashion followed so frequently in the old English halls; and in this upper room, surmounted by masses of timber which had sheltered Catholic pilgrims of yore, did the most sprightly of the modern sciences now find its chosen home. On a platform at the upper end, with a green cloth bench in front, sat the officers of the section, having generally large charts and figures suspended upon the wall behind them. In the centre sits the preses, Mr. Warburton, M. P., president of the Geological Society, and a zealous

hard-working inquirer into this science—a tall, middle-aged man, of well-developed head, and pleasant, though reflective countenance. By his side might generally be seen his friends De la Beeche, Murchison, and Sedgwick; also, very frequently, the blithe-faced Marquis of Northampton, who throughout these meetings was continually getting up to say something cheerful, encouraging, and kind about men and things, and never seemed one moment out of humor. Here, too, sat very assiduously, in his capacity as secretary, the youthful Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, author of a comprehensive treatise on the science, descriptive and economic, and whose keen intelligent countenance lent character to the scene. Further to the extremity might perhaps be seen the venerable John Taylor, general secretary, or Mr. Sopwith of Newcastle, so well known for his ingenious illustrations of the science by means of wooden models. Another figure frequently seen on the geological platform was one extremely noticeable on account of unusual tallness—the young Earl of Enniskillen. This nobleman belongs to a class whom we may hope to see extended in numbers ere many years elapse. In company with two other men of birth and fortune, he has for a long time given much attention to the study of fossils. Every summer, these personages may be met in Berlin, Vienna, and the other capitals of continental Europe, not, like their compatriots, bent on mere amusement, or at most the gratification of taste by the sight of objects of art, but studying the various collections of the organic remains of the ancient world, and accomplishing exchanges between superfluous specimens from their own collection, and equally superfluous but different samples from the museums under their inspection. Thus, while giving themselves a delightful occupation, they are employing their large leisure and means in the performance of a service in the cause of science, and one of no small importance.

A "scene" which took place at the second day's meeting of this section may be briefly touched upon. The Dean of York, a gentleman in advanced age, had, it appeared, formed a wish to overthrow at one blow the whole structure of facts which the geologists have reared during the last forty years. The whimsicality of the attempt would have caused the section to reject such a paper from any man of inferior note; but the local importance of its author, and dread of being accused of fear to meet such an opponent, determined them to give it a hearing. When this was known on the morning of Friday, a vast multitude flocked to the section, and thus gave additional importance to what was at best a kind of indecent oddity in the course of the proceedings. In due time, the dean, a tall and venerable figure, with an air of imperturbable composure, walked through the crowd, and took his place by invitation beside the president on the platform. His paper, which he read with a firm voice, was briefly and elegantly expressed, but otherwise was a most extraordinary production. To the mind of the writer, the whole of those collections of facts and illustrations, which the geologists have made during forty years, seemed to have existed in vain. He first presented a set of objections against the view of the earth's early history given by Dr. Buckland in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, and then proceeded to develop a theory of his own, accounting for all the phenomena in a manner designed to



reduce them within a very brief space of time. The theory was a wilder dream than any of Burnet's or Woodward's, and such as could not be listened to with gravity by any one acquainted with the science; yet, amidst the laughter which hailed it, the author went on with an unfaltering manner to the end, when he quietly sat down beside Mr. Warburton. By previous arrangement, the duty of replying to this attack—for such it was—had been confided to Professor Sedgwick, whose oratorical powers are acknowledged to be superior to those of any of his brethren. Up, therefore, he rose, and commenced a speech which enchained the audience for an hour and a half, alternately charming them with its vast learning, and throwing them off their gravity by the most amusing and grotesque illustrations. The geologists, it appears, in their private meetings, are accustomed to great latitude of discourse: they speak of such meetings as their "geological fights." It was not therefore surprising, for more reasons than one, that this speech contained several severe hits at the assailing party. It must at the same time be observed, that the speech was delicacy itself to what might have been expected to be called forth with reference to any man of inferior years, profession, or rank. And it was, after all, the lightning that loves to play, not wound; nor did the lively professor hesitate to make himself the subject of some little mirth—as where, having used the word below for above, and thus produced a titter, he said there was such a dance of atoms, such a *geological polka* going through his brain, that he hardly knew what words he was using; and on another occasion, when, having said that the one thing was as certainly identical with the other as that *that row of ladies* (pointing to the belles on the front form) were of the same species with himself, he paused at the smile which this contrast excited, and, laughingly reflecting on his own extraordinary countenance, said, "Perhaps the ladies may not think it much of a compliment to be thought of the same species with me!" The whole scene was amusing in the extreme; but I think there can be no doubt that the interests of both parties would have been more regarded if no such "fight" had taken place. As often happens, more attention was attracted to this unprofitable controversy than to any other subject which came before the association throughout the week.

The Zoological Section met in the lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, in the midst of a series of chambers devoted chiefly to the preservation of objects of natural history. It was chiefly presided over by Dr. Herbert, Dean of Manchester, an aged man of slight figure, known respectfully in the philosophical world for a laborious work in natural history. The appearances held forth by this section of late years have partaken of the great improvement which has taken place, during that time, in the spirit and pursuits of naturalists. From being chroniclers of dry facts, and enumerators of species, zoologists have within twenty years become philosophical inquirers. And from the early age of many of these men, it may fairly be hoped that we shall see this spirit wax in strength instead of going back. The chief naturalists present are young men. On a front form you may observe a perfect galaxy of them—Professor Balfour of Glasgow, Dr. Carpenter, so well known by his works on Physiology, General and Human; Professor Ed-

ward Forbes of King's College, London, whose investigations of the distribution of marine animal life have of late attracted so much attention; Professor Owen, the first comparative physiologist of his day. Various are the aspects of these men—Owen, plain, with dark lustrous eyes; Forbes, a handsome, olive-complexioned youth, with long hair smoothed away to one side; Carpenter, pale, blue-eyed, hawknosed, keen, grave, reflective. The papers and remarks of these three men were of great value, and their services were also extended to the geological section. But who is that little intelligent-looking man in a faded naval uniform, who is so invariably seen in a particular central seat in this section? That, gentle reader, is perhaps one of the most interesting men who attend the association. He is only a private in the mounted guard, (preventive service,) at an obscure part of the Cornwall coast, with four shillings a-day, and a wife and nine children, most of whose education he has himself to conduct. He never tastes the luxuries which are so common in the middle ranks of life, and even amongst a large portion of the working-classes; he has to mend with his own hands every sort of thing that can wear or break in his house. Yet Charles Peach is a votary of natural history—not a student of the science in books, for he cannot afford books, but an investigator by sea and shore, a collector of zoophytes and echinodermata, strange creatures, many of which are as yet hardly known to man: these he collects, preserves, and describes; and every year does he come up to the British Association with a few novelties of this kind, accompanied by illustrative papers and drawings; thus, under circumstances the very opposite of those of such men as Lord Enniskillen, adding, in like manner, to the general stock of knowledge. On the present occasion he is unusually elated, for he has made the discovery of a holothuria with twenty tentacula, a species of the echinodermata, which Edward Forbes, in his book on star-fishes, had said was never yet observed in the British seas. It may be of small moment to you, who, mayhap, know nothing of holothurias, but it is a considerable thing to the fauna of Britain, and a vast matter to a poor private of the Cornwall mounted guard. And, accordingly, he will go home in a few days, full of the glory of his exhibition, and strung anew by the kind notice taken of him by the masters of the science, to similar inquiries, difficult as it may be to prosecute them under such complication of duties, professional and domestic. But he has still another subject of congratulation; for Dr. Carpenter has kindly given him a microscope wherewith to observe the structure of his favorite animals, an instrument for which he has sighed for many years in vain. Honest Peach, humble as is thy home, and simple thy bearing, thou art an honor even to this assemblage of nobles and doctors; nay, more, when I consider everything, thou art an honor to human nature itself; for where is the heroism like that of virtuous, intelligent, independent poverty! and such heroism is thine!

The Physical Section was for one morning particularly attractive, namely, when Lord Rosse described the difficulties he had encountered in the construction of his telescope. His lordship had a model prepared, by which to convey as sensible an idea as possible of the actual structure of this mighty tube, and the arrangements for its use; but the most interesting part of his exposition

referred to the laborious processes for founding and polishing the speculum. Here, certainly, the forethought, care, and trouble called into employment, had been altogether extraordinary, and such as common minds could never have encountered: each object seemed only to have been attained after a vast amount of preparation and trial; and still, through the whole course of operations, the danger of sudden accident undoing all that had been done was continually imminent. His lordship's style of address was easy and graceful, and his language extremely simple and perspicuous. His great telescope was, it appeared, only newly finished, and had not yet been employed; but with another of only three feet diameter, he had already resolved distant patches of light in the heavens—the remotest of the class of objects called sidereal nebulae—into distinct stars, showing that they were clusters of stars similar to that to which our sun belongs, and the remoter parts of which constitute our Milky Way. What new revelations of the more distant fields of the Creator's glory are to be elicited by the six-foot speculum, it will be for time to show.

The evening of Thursday was devoted to a general meeting in the Assembly Rooms, where the Earl of Rosse demitted, and the Dean of Ely assumed, the office of president, the latter delivering on the occasion a long address with reference to the objects of the association. This was rather a dull affair; but other evenings, spent in the same place, were more agreeable. One night was enlivened by a recital from Mr. Lyell of the recent fossil discoveries in America. Another was rendered still more agreeable by an account of certain recent discoveries in India. The demonstrator on this last occasion was Dr. Falconer, a young medical man recently returned from India on leave. The members, on entering this evening, were surprised by the picture of a tortoise displayed on the green screen above the speaker's head, exhibiting an animal the same in form as ordinary land-tortoises, but about twelve feet long. Strange as it may seem, remains of this huge animal, to which the name of *Colossochelys Atlas* has been given, are found in the superficial gravel upon the Sivâlik hills; some of these were shown, particularly one of the leg bones, the similarity of which to the corresponding bone of the modern diminutive species was easily recognized. It appears that this and a vast number of other animals, elsewhere found in the tertiary strata, are, in that part of the world, discovered in the more recent gravels, showing that the tertiary species may have lived in certain districts down to a time nearer to our own era. And this idea Dr. Falconer connected in a very interesting manner with mythic traditions of India, descriptive of enormous tortoises, one of which was fabled to support the elephant by which the world was supported. It seemed not unlikely that these legends referred to animals which had been living in the early ages of mankind, but which have for many centuries been extinct. The plain and perspicuous, yet arresting address of Dr. Falconer, was universally allowed a high place among the scientific affairs of the week. He has made a most important contribution to geology, and the ample specimens which he has brought home enrich the museums to which they have been presented. His services are the more creditable to himself, that placed in charge of the botanic garden upon the Sivâlik hills, he had little means of cultivating the science in any of the more ordinary

methods. When a canal excavation near the garden exposed to him a rich treasury of fossil bones, he had no means of studying in order to ascertain what these were; but he took an original method—he went off to the woods and wilderness, and shot animals, from which he might study anatomy; and by a reference to these, he was able to refer the fossils to their proper species. What a crowning to years of toil, thus to be able at length to come before one of the most intelligent audiences in Europe, and enchain them with descriptions of such novelties in human knowledge!

Another evening was devoted to a ball, which, however, could scarcely be distinguished from the ordinary soirées, the only peculiar features being a rather poor orchestra clanging from the end of the room, and two couples attempting to dance polkas in as many small openings of the crowd. Here precisely the same groups of philosophers might be seen lounging about as on other occasions. On Friday afternoon, Earl Fitzwilliam, as president of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, entertained about a hundred and fifty of the members at dinner in the most sumptuous style. His lordship's benevolent and amiable character was conspicuous on this occasion, and particularly in the manner in which he conducted the proceedings of the evening. It was most interesting to see him at the head of the range of tables, centring a long line of the highest intellectual men of his day—well-intending rank and wealth thus associating with natural distinction in a manner honorable to both. Wherever the eye was cast along the lines of guests, it beheld men of name; not, as often happens, gemming a waste of ordinary people, but thickly studded with scarcely any trace of such invention. Right opposite to me was Justus Liebig, who has of late achieved so much British fame by his chemical researches and publications, a handsome dark complexioned man about forty, with strong perceptive faculties, (the reverse of the usual German brain,) dark mild eyes, and an aquiline visage. Beside me was Professor Graham of London, flanked by a group of other eminent chemists. It may here be remarked, that Professor Liebig, M. Matteucci, and other foreigners who attended the meeting of the association, were lodged and entertained throughout the week at the expense of the local funds; a degree of hospitality for which they were quite unprepared, and which certainly casts honor on the city of York.

Whatever be the general opinion regarding the British Association, the week during which it sits is always felt by the members to be one of pleasant excitement. That it really does something direct and substantial for the advancement of science, its records testify; that many able and interesting matters are brought before larger audiences at its sectional meetings than could otherwise be obtained for them, is evident to all. But I believe the principal benefits produced by it to be of a less obvious kind. One of these is the stimulus which it gives to mind in the places which it visits. The timid local student, who almost sinks for want of encouragement amongst his, mayhap, commercial compeers, receives a strong impetus from the deference which he sees on these occasions paid to science and to the learned. Young and fresh minds, on the lookout for fields of exertion, are by these means drawn into the line of philosophical investigation. A gentleman of considerable standing in one of the sec-

tions, expressed to me his opinion that one half of the leading men now in the association are its own children, persons whom it has stimulated and nurtured into philosophic being. The association, it must also be remarked, has the useful merit of being of no exclusive spirit. Men of all kinds meet in it: no philosophical doctrines or views, which do not positively outrage decency, are here denied a hearing. The spirit of the institution is, I would say, essentially a liberal one, and the predominating feeling among the members is that of mutual kindness and charity. The value of all this in a country where party-spirit reigns so widely, and produces such alienation, need not of course be insisted on.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE PURLOINED LETTER.

THE GIFT is an American annual of great typographical elegance, and embellished with many beautiful engravings. It contains an article, which, for several reasons, appears to us so remarkable, that we leave aside several effusions of our ordinary contributors, in order to make room for an abridgment of it. The writer, Mr. Edgar A. Poe, is evidently an acute observer of mental phenomena; and we have to thank him for one of the aptest illustrations which could well be conceived, of that curious play of two minds, in which one person, let us call him A, guesses what another, B, will do, judging that B will adopt a particular line of policy to circumvent A.

At Paris, just after dark, one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For an hour, at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open, and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G—, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome. The prefect sat down, and shortly disclosed a most perplexing case, in which his professional services had been in requisition. His story was this. "I have received information that a certain document, of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt, for he was seen to take it. It is known also that it remains in his possession. The person on whom the theft was committed, is a certain royal personage, a female, over whom the holder of the document has gained by this means a dangerous ascendancy—her honor and peace are jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G—, "is the minister D—, who dares all things—those unbecoming, as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question, a letter, had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal, she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of another exalted individual, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to

place it, open as it was, upon the table. The address, however, was uppermost; and the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D—. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the person addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter, somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then, places it in juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third person, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter, one of no importance, on the table. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The person robbed is now thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment, the power departs."

"True," said G—: "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* at these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartments, and being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months, a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search, until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed. Yet, neither is the letter on the person of the minister. He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search of the premises."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly-trained



police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind; the thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets, we took the chairs; the cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops." "Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces *all* the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better. We examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it *instantly*. A single grain of gimlet-dust, or saw-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"Of course, you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates; and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That of course; and when we had surveyed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble!"

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt; we removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?" "Yes."

"You looked into the cellar?"

"We did; and as time and labor were of no importance, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G—. "I am not more sure that I breathe, than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said—

"Well, but, G— what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such a thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Too true; I made the reëxamination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I would not mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. I would really give fifty thousand francs, every centieme of it, to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the hotel D—, I felt entire confidence in his having made

a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would beyond a question have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies 'odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally, he will decide upon putting it even as before; I will therefore guess even;' he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked, is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured?"

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the *mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations: at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches; what is it all but an exaggeration of the *application* of the one principle, or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but at least in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance, or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister would do what he would have done himself—taken vast care to conceal the letter on account of its being so very precious. I went to work differently. My measures were adapted to the minister's capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigation of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which

were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G—, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. He could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. This conjecture was above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D—; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the minister, himself. It

was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell at length upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is re-folded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the mean time I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile*, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in



replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D—," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months, the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it were. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms "a certain personage," he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How! did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure, D—, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

—Un dessein si funeste,  
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste."

They are to be found in Crébillon's 'Atrée.'"

From the Spectator.

#### EMERSON'S ESSAYS, SECOND SERIES.

THIS forms part of a speculation called the "Catholic Series,"—a title singularly inapplicable to the writings of Mr. Emerson; whose genius, however considerable, is remarkably tinged with those peculiarities of manner and idea which, as much as any doctrinal opinion, essentially constitute the sectarian. Even when true, the thoughts of Emerson are rather distinguished for a quaint shrewdness, and a limitation to a part or section of his subject, than for that justness, breadth, and universality, which in criticism is the counterpart of catholicity in the church. Often, however, his ideas are questionable—their truth is limited, disputable, as much matter of question as the views of a confined body of *opinionists*. Still oftener they have that sounding vagueness which generally obtains, we think, more among coteries of men who are without any established standards of au-

thority or of state, and who, unchecked by the example or influence of superiors, acquire a swelling air both of manner and language, rather proportioned to their estimate of themselves than to their true position in relation to the world. We beg to be understood that we are speaking absolutely, not relatively. This mannerism—for to that it comes at last—may be better than the coldness, formality or dulness of a more universal body; and as great ability may perhaps be displayed, except of course, in the highest range of the catholic school. All we mean is, that such writers as Carlyle, Hazlitt, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, could not be better described than by reversing the title of the library in which he is now placed.

As regards the particular volume of Emerson before us, we think it an improvement upon the first series of Essays. The subjects are better chosen. They come more home to the experience of the mass of mankind, and are consequently more interesting. Their treatment also indicates an artistic improvement in the composition. There is still quite enough of the iterative outpouring, where one general thought is partitioned into a succession of phrases, as if matter could be better impressed by much speaking; or mere opinions are dressed up to look like oracular truths; or the writer aims at making the common or the particular great by puffing it up. But the sentences are shorter and neater; and each, considered by itself, is more pithy in expression. The thoughts also appear more deep or general; but this may be owing to their subjects.

The desultory character of the essay, which by usage admits of almost any digression, and the peculiar nature of Emerson's mind, render the title, as we formerly observed, but a slender suggester of the matter that will be found in each paper. The same digressive habit of passing from one branch of a subject to another having no very direct connexion, renders it difficult to convey any general idea of the matter of his Essays. These, however, are their avowed titles. "The Poet," "Experience," "Character," "Manners,"—the two last subjects admirably handled at starting, and in a catholic style, but soon lost sight of in the author's mannerism; "Gifts" is short, and means *presents*, not natural gifts; "Nature," "Politics,"—deriving its chief value from some passages in American affairs; and "Nominalist and Realist" complete the essays; but a lecture, addressed to the society called New England reformers, though differing little from the essays, is added, and may be said to form an eighth.

The following is part of the opening of the chapter on character which we have alluded to. The problem it puts forth is, we think, one universally felt to be difficult; and Emerson's solution may be received till we get a better. But when a man's fame in the eyes of posterity surpasses his apparent acts, we suspect that he must have embodied some new principle. Thus, Lord Chatham,

Emerson's leading example, first addressed himself to the spirit and patriotism of the middle class in civil politics—he threw himself upon the constituencies. Before his time, politics, unless it came to civil war, had been managed by the aristocratic parties, with occasional aid from the rabble and constant assistance from the corporations.

#### CHARACTER.

I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French revolution, that when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not in the records of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means. It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force—a Familiar or Genius, by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart, which is company for him; so that such men are often solitary, or if they chance to be social, do not need society, but can entertain themselves very well alone. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another small; but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. What others effect by talent or by eloquence this man accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he put not forth." His victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers because his arrival alters the face of affairs.

This leading idea, instead of being pursued in a true and catholic spirit, is lost sight of in minute and individual cases,—as a trader sitting in his parlor and looking Character, or in a series of phrases strung together, like these.

"Character is a natural power, like light and heat, and all nature coöperates with it. The reason why we feel one man's presence and do not feel another's is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being: justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. We can drive a stone upward for a moment into the air, but it is yet true that all stones will forever fall; and whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished theft, or of a lie which somebody credited, justice must prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to make itself believed. Character is this moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. An

individual is an enclosure. Time and space, liberty and necessity, truth and thought, are left at large no longer. Now, the universe is a close or pound. All things exist in the man tinged with the manners of his soul."

The essay on manners begins with a similar breadth, which is dissipated in a similar way; though its variety—a gentleman, fashion, manners—better preserves its force and interest. There is a good deal of truth and keenness in the following remarks.

#### BEAUTY AND MEASURE IN MANNERS.

We imperatively require a perception of and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and work-yard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unrepresentable person.—Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigour, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius, or a prodigious usefulness, if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts; but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative: not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character; hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society, as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

#### PARTIES IN AMERICA.

Of the two great parties, which at this hour almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the Democrat, for free trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called Popular party propose to him as representatives of these liberalities. They have not at heart the ends which give to the name of Democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American Radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends; but is destructive only out of hatred

and selfishness. On the other side, the Conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy; it does not build, nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.

This edition is published under the typographical superintendence of Mr. Carlyle; who has contributed a preface; but it contains nothing beyond some quaint and forcible remarks on the law of copyright, or rather the practice of literary piracy. It appears that the volume is published in conjunction with Mr. Emerson.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

# SONG OF THE SEAWEED.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I AM born in crystal bower,  
Where the despot hath no power  
To trail and turn the oozy fern,  
Or trample down the fair sea-flower.  
I am born where human skill  
Cannot bend me to its will,  
None can delve about my root,  
And nurse me for my bloom and fruit;  
I am left to spread and grow  
In my rifted bed below,  
Till I break my slender hold,  
As the porpoise tumbleth o'er me,  
And on I go—now high—now low—  
With the ocean world before me.

I am nigh the stately ship  
Where she loiters in the calm,  
While the south, like love's own lip,  
Breathes a sweet and peaceful balm.  
Plashing oft with gentle grace,  
Round the hull I keep my place,  
While the sailor, through the day,  
Leaneth o'er her side,  
And idly watches me at play  
Upon the drowsy tide.  
She is staunch and she is stout,  
With chain and cable girt about,  
But I'll match my tendrils fine  
With her shrouds and halyard line.

Now the red flash breaks,  
The thunder-volley shakes,  
And billows boil with hissing coil,  
Like huge snow-crested snakes.  
The mad winds roar,  
The rain sheets pour,  
And screaming loud mid wave and cloud  
The white gulls soar;  
Diving deep and tossing high,  
Round that same ship there am I,  
Till at last I mount the mast,  
In the tight reef hanging fast,  
While the fierce and plunging sea  
Boweth down the stout crosstree,  
Till the sharp and straining creak  
Echoeth the tempest shriek.

Another peal! another flash!  
Top-gallants start with snapping crash.  
"Quick! quick! All hands!" one mighty sweep,  
And giant guns are in the deep.  
Hark! the heavy axe below,  
Whirls and rings with blow on blow,  
And I feel the timber quiver,  
Like a bulrush on a river.  
Still I twine about the pine,  
Till a wild and bursting cry  
Tells the fearful work is done,  
The ship leaps up, the mast is gone,  
And away with it go I.

Now I dance and dash again,  
Headlong through the howling main,  
While the lightning groweth stronger,  
And the thunder rattleth longer,  
Now I feel a hard hand clutch me,  
With a wildly snatching hold;  
Who is he that dares to touch me,  
With a gripe so strong and bold?  
'Tis the sailor, young and brave,  
Struggling o'er his yawning grave.  
Does he think that he can cling  
To the Seaweed's mazy string?  
Does he dream with frenzied hope,  
Of floating spar and saving rope?  
He does, he does, but billows meet,  
And form his close-wrapp'd winding sheet,  
While I mingle with the wreath  
Of white foam gurgling through his teeth,  
And twist and tangle in his locks,  
As the mountain waters lift him,  
And the frothy breakers drift him,  
On the gray and iron rocks.

Again I mount my ocean steed,  
Rolling on with curbless pace,  
Who will follow where I lead?  
Who will ride in such a race?  
On I rush by raft and wreck,  
By sinking keel and parting deck;  
Now the life-boat's side I'm lashing,  
Now against the torn plank dashing;  
Up I go—the flood is swelling  
With richer foam and fiercer yelling—  
My courser rears, and I am thrown  
Upon the lighthouse topmost stone.  
Rave on, ye waters—here I'll stay  
Till storm and strife have pass'd away.

Now I have taken my course to the shore,  
Where yellow sand covers the crystal and  
amber;  
Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouth'd shell,  
Where limpets are thick and the tiny crabs  
clamber.

A young child is roving, and soon he espies  
My rich curling threads as they mount in the  
spray;  
He steps 'mid the green stones, and eagerly cries,  
"Oh! that beautiful Seaweed, I'll bear it  
away."

All earnestly gazing, he stretches to reach,  
But a swift-spreading wave has roll'd over the  
beach;  
It hath carried me back from the sun-lighted strand,  
And the young child beholds me far, far from the  
land.



He runs through the ebb-surf, but vain the endeavor,  
I am gone, my fair boy, I am gone, and forever;  
Thou wilt covet full many bright things, but take heed,  
They elude not your grasp like the pretty Seaweed.

Now I am met in my wide career

By the ice-pile driving fast,  
A broad and sailless boat rides near,  
And a lithe rope runneth past.

Hark, that plunge! who cometh here,

With long and purple trail!  
'T is the Sea King pierced with the jagged spear,—  
The cleaving and furious whale.

He huggeth me tight in his downward flight,

On his writhing fin I go;  
While his blood pours out with torrent spout,  
And he gasps with snorting blow.

Weltering in his ocean halls,  
He dyeth the coral deeper,  
And wallows against the mossy walls  
With the lunge of a frantic sleeper.

He hurls me off with floundering pang,

I am caught on a glittering shrub,  
And there I merrily dangle and hang  
O'er the head of the grampus cub.

The star-fish comes with his quenchless light,  
And a cheerful guest is he;  
For he shineth by day and he shineth by night,  
In the darkest and deepest sea.

I wind in his arms, and on we glide,

Leagues and leagues afar,  
Till we rest again where the dolphins hide  
In the caverns roof'd with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,

With coins and coffers are round;  
The wealth and weight of an Eastern freight,  
In the Seaweed's home are found.

Here are pearls for maidens' curls—

Here is gold for man;  
But the wave is a true and right safe bar,  
And its murmur a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewell'd sheen,

Till the nautilus travels by,  
And off with him I gaily swim,  
To look at the torrid sky.

I rise where the bark is standing still,

In the face of a full red sun,  
While out of her seams, and over her beams,  
The trickling pitch drops run.

Oh! worse is the groan that breaketh there,

Than the burst of a drowning cry;  
They have bread in store, and flesh to spare,  
But the water-casks are dry.

Many a lip is gaping for drink,

And madly calling for rain;  
And some hot brains are beginning to think  
Of a messmate's open'd vein.

Nautilus, nautilus, let us begone,

For I like not this to look upon.

Now about the island bay,  
I am quietly at play;  
Now the fisher's skiff I'm round;

Now I lave the rocky mound;  
Now I swiftly float aground,  
Where the surge and pebbles rustle;  
Where young naked feet tread o'er  
My dripping branches to explore,  
For spotted egg and purple muscle.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not

To bear me from this barren spot  
Here I lie for many a day,  
Crisp'd and shrivell'd in the ray,  
Till I wither, shrink, and crack,  
And my green stem turneth black.

See! there cometh sturdy men,

But they wear no sailor blue,  
No kerchief decks their tawny necks,  
They form no smart and gallant crew.

Hark! there cometh merry strains,  
'T is not music that I know;  
It does not tell of anchor chains,  
Blending with the "Yo, heave yo!"  
'T is my death-dirge they are singing,  
And thus the lightsome troll is ringing.

The Vraic! the Vraic! oh! the Vraic shall be

The theme of our chanting mirth,  
For we come to gather the grass of the sea  
To quicken the grain of the earth.

That grass it groweth where no man moweth,  
All thick, and rich, and strong,  
And it meeteth our hand on the desolate strand,  
Ready for rake and prong.

So gather and carry, for often we need  
The nurturing help of the good Seaweed.

The Vraic! the Vraic! come, take a farewell

Of your boundless and billowy home,  
No more will you dive in the fathomless cell,  
Or leap in the sparkling foam;

Far from the petrel, the gannet, and grebe,  
Thou shalt be scatter'd abroad;  
And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,  
To add to the harvest hoard.

The land must be till'd, the tiller must feed,  
And the corn must be help'd by the good Seaweed.

The Vraic! the Vraic! pile it on the fire,

Let it crackle and smoke in the wind;  
And a smouldering heap of treasure we'll keep  
In the ashes it leaveth behind.

On to the furrow, on to the field,

Dust to dust is the claim;  
'T is what the prince and pilgrim yield,  
And the Seaweed giveth the same.

The land must be till'd, the tiller must feed,  
But he'll mingle at last with the good Seaweed.

#### SONNETS OF THE SIDEWALKS.

As timid boys that walk through woods at night,—

A lonesome road, when all is dark and still,  
Except the humming sound of distant mill,—

Grow deadly wide awake and quick of sight,

And, faint with dread of meeting ghostly sprite,

To keep their spirits up and other spirits off,

Do whistle aye, not stopping save to cough,

Strange tunes unnatural, with all their might;

E'en so doth he, that boy of larger size,

The locomotive, who with lungs of iron,

And breathing vapor hot, the rail goes by on—

He fills the darkened air with hideous cries,

As through the far off hills, for many a league,

He speeds away and never feels fatigue.

*Boston Post.*

From the Spectator.

## FALCONER ON THE BOUNDARY QUESTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

IN the form of a sketch of the first descent of the Mississippi by La Salle, and on account of his efforts to found the province of Louisiana, this unpretending little volume contains a complete, searching, and succinct view of the boundary questions, respecting which the United States are now or have been in a state of excitement. These questions are three in number. The first relates to the true limits of Louisiana on the Mexican confines; which, though in some sense remotely connected with the case of Texas, is more curious, as showing the unscrupulous character of American diplomacy and the equally unscrupulous assertions of her writers. The second subject of discussion involves the Oregon question; the real American right to any part of which territory Mr. Falconer shows to be of a very slender character. The third topic discussed is the true boundary of Canada beyond the last of the great lakes—which form an obvious and undisputed natural limit to about the 96th degree of longitude: and though this question is of less direct practical importance than the two others, its indirect bearing upon the Oregon boundary claimed by the British is of some consequence.

The reason which induced Mr. Falconer to make the origin of the province of Louisiana the foundation of his disquisition is, that it totally decides the Mexican or Texan and the Canadian boundaries, Louisiana having been made a subordinate government to Canada; whilst the Oregon question may be said principally to turn upon it, as the pretensions of the United States mainly rest upon their purchase of Louisiana. It therefore becomes of the last importance to show what the boundaries of Louisiana really were; and Mr. Falconer clearly proves, that to the south they extended but little beyond the Mississippi, though the Americans set up a demand for the Rio Grande del Norte, (the present claim of the Texans,) as a boundary; that in the northwest they stopped very far short of Canada; and that in the west *they did not extend beyond the Rocky Mountains*. Every claim, therefore, which either the government or the public of the United States have put forward on rights derived from the purchase of Louisiana, is utterly untenable, and, to speak plainly, a mere assumption, based on ignorance or want of principle. The plea of ignorance, however, is not available to the government, because, in the purchase of Louisiana from France under Napoleon, a clause was introduced, which specified nothing, but gave an air of claim to that which one party knew to be invalid.

\* On the Discovery of the Mississippi, and on the Southwestern, Oregon, and Northwestern Boundary of the United States. With a Translation from the original MS. of Memoirs, &c., relating to the Discovery of the Mississippi, by Robert Cavelier de la Salle and the Chevalier Henry de Tonty. By Thomas Falconer, of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Clarke.

"In 1803, France sold Louisiana to the United States, for eleven millions of dollars. The purchase included all lands 'on the east side of the Mississippi river not then belonging to the United States, as far as the great chain of mountains which divide the waters running into the Pacific and those falling into the Atlantic Ocean; and from the said chain of mountains to the Pacific Ocean, between the territory claimed by Great Britain on one side and by Spain on the other.'—(History of the Federal Government, by Alden Bradford, Boston, 1840; p. 130.) No point was mentioned where the line in the chain of mountains was to commence, nor where the tract of land lay, forming a portion of Louisiana, lying between the territory claimed by Spain and Great Britain. France had nothing to sell but what constituted Louisiana after the cession made to Great Britain in 1763. There was, nevertheless, inserted in this treaty of sale a reference to a perfectly undefined line to the Pacific, having no defined point of commencement, and referring to territory having no definable boundary either on the north or the south or on the east."

This undefined space received a fixed boundary on the southern end in the treaty of 1819, by which Spain gave up her province of Florida—to which she had as clear a right as to any of her possessions, in exchange for the American claim upon Texas—to which the United States had no right at all, except what arose from audacious assumption. "A sweeping clause was included in the treaty, by which the United States ceded to Spain and 'renounced forever,' all rights, claims, and pretensions to territories lying west and south of the described boundary, [a line along the 42d degree of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific,] and Spain ceded to the United States all rights, claims, and pretensions to territories east and north of this boundary. This clause is the foundation of the claim of the United States to the Oregon territory."

The claim thus artfully originated by a vague insertion of mere verbiage in the treaty with Napoleon, and shaped and colored by this treaty with Spain, is investigated by Mr. Falconer. He shows, by an examination of voyages of discovery, treaties with Spain, and the accepted laws which regulate the civilized title to the land of savages, that the country was not Spain's to give away; that it no more belonged to her than to any other nation; that by survey, by settlement, and by Spanish admission, England had as much right to it as Spain had, more especially to that part which is bounded by the Columbia river, and is now the main object in dispute between Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. Falconer next considers the title of the Americans on the ground of discovery—first, that the master of a merchant-vessel, named Gray, entered the embouchure of the Columbia, and informed Vancouver of his discovery; second, the expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the Rocky Mountains; third, the trading adventure of Astor, whose story, or rather the story of his people, has

been told by Irving under the title of *Astoria*: and he shows that each case breaks down, both as regards the prior right of Great Britain and the absence of *intent* on the part of the American subjects. But even had the intention of taking possession been quite clear, it would have availed nothing as regards an *American right*, because nothing short of an act of Congress can give any subject or officer of the United States this power of "taking possession" or forming settlements, to possess any public validity.

"The 'taking possession' of new countries by authorized official persons is not the idle ceremony Mr. Greenhow represents it to be. By the law of England, the Crown possesses absolute authority to extend its sovereignty; it can send its diplomatist to treat for, its soldier to conquer, its sailor to settle new countries. This it can do independently of parliament: no act of the ordinary legislature is needed to establish English law and authority in such countries. A power of legislation is absolutely vested in the Crown for these purposes, which it can execute through the officers it may name. It can also, as is well known to all Americans, legislate for such settlements independently of parliament, or it may delegate its own power of legislation. The charter of Rhode Island granted by Charles the Second, and under which that State was governed until 1842, is an illustration of such legislation, and of the delegation of such authority. The Crown in that case, by its own legislative act, established English laws in that colony, and delegated its power of legislation to a very popular local legislature.

"The 'taking possession,' therefore, of a new country by persons officially authorized—and no private person can assume the authority—is the exercise of a sovereign power, a distinct act of legislation, by which the new territory becomes annexed to the dominions of the Crown.

"These principles were lately insisted on by the government *against* British subjects. 'Neither individuals,' said Governor Sir George Gipps, in a most luminous and admirable argument, (New Zealand Papers, 11th May, 1841, No. 311, p. 64,) 'nor bodies of men belonging to any nation, can form colonies except with the consent and under the direction and control of their own government; and from any settlement which they may form without the consent of their government they may be ousted.'

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"The constitution of other countries vests a similar sovereign authority in the Crown to that existing in Great Britain. But under the American constitution the President has no authority of the kind—he cannot annex territories to existing States, nor by his own act enlarge the boundaries of American dominions. The constitution has, in its first article, vested 'all legislative power' in Congress. Before, therefore, the sovereignty of the United States can be established in a new territory, there must be an equivalent act of legislation by Congress to that necessary to be performed by the English Crown. How otherwise is it to be known to what country the territory belongs!

"After a country has had a new territory formally annexed to it, there doubtless remain other acts to be performed to complete the title, such as actual settlement, &c.; or otherwise, the inference of other countries is that the intention to occupy is

abandoned. But the prior right to settle continues, even if there is a ground to imagine an intention to abandon, until some other country shall actually, and according to the forms which its laws sanction, establish its own laws and authority in the country."

In thus noticing Mr. Falconer's arguments, we have confined ourselves to indicating their general scope, because they cannot be comprehended in their stages without an enumeration of particulars that would scarcely bear an intelligible abridgement, so succinct is our author in his facts, and so close in his application of them. In these days of "strong" writing, his temperate, or rather his impassive manner might be cited as a model, if it did not lead to a literary fault. The most obvious instances of unfairness, misrepresentation, and long-continued scheming, are passed without a comment indicative of their true character; as the reader may sometimes have observed an immovable judge leave unnoticed the most scandalous conduct in the parties, if it did not directly affect the issue to be tried. This imperturbableness may, however, add to the effect of his arguments, from the appearance of indifference which it conveys. We should say impartiality, but that Mr. Falconer seems to be without leanings; or if he has any they are rather in favor of the Texans, whose revolt against the Mexicans he justifies.

The arguments upon the questions of disputed boundary form only a portion of the book, small as it is. They are introduced by a notice of the life of La Salle, and of his different expeditions of discovery. This subject is further pursued in the latter part of the volume, by the translation of a variety of official documents, connected with the expeditions of La Salle; some of which appear for the first time, having been procured from the archives of Paris. They are curious and full of facts, but minute and literal. The most striking part is the matter-of-course way in which the most tremendous hardships are narrated.

ONE scene at the Conciliation Hall cannot be forgotten. A Reverend Mr. Moriarty has come over from America on a begging expedition, to raise money for rebuilding some Roman Catholic churches destroyed in Philadelphia during the riots. Mr. Moriarty says, that those riots were not only directed to suppress Catholicity, but also the nationality of Irishmen and the movement in favor of Irish repeal; and, with this appeal, he subscribes twenty shillings to the Repeal fund. Mr. Moriarty's sovereign may be regarded as water thrown down the pump, or as "a sprat thrown out to catch a herring." So there is to be an American church-building fund exacted from the pauper Irish people, under the auspices of Mr. O'Connell and the patriot Association! There is something very ugly in this merciless screwing of the wretched Irish, by forced appeals to their religion and their "nationality;" as if they were bound to furnish subsidies for forcing the naturalization and employment of Irishmen, and the Repeal agitation, upon the alien citizens of a foreign country.—*Spectator*, 30th Nov.



From the Athenæum.

## SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF DR. BELL.

*The Life of the Rev. Andrew Bell, D. D.* The First Volume by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL. D., edited by Mrs. Southey; the Two Last by his Son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, B.A. 3 vols. Murray.

A POSTHUMOUS work of the late Mr. Southey cannot fail to excite interest. A Life from his pen, of Dr. Bell, for whom and whose system he was known to entertain so marked a respect, addresses the reflecting with a still higher claim to attention, and illustrates the veneration which greatness has for greatness. The present biography comes also before us with special authority; for the materials were, in great part, intrusted by the subject of it to the writer, and clauses to that effect were, we are told, inserted in most of the wills that Dr. Bell executed; in one of which he gave directions for a complete edition of his works to be prepared jointly by Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey; but, in consequence of this having been afterwards commenced by Bishop Russell, the clause was omitted in his final will, in which, instead, Dr. Bell submitted to Mr. Southey "his books, papers, letters, and college essays, for his use and perusal;" adding, in a codicil,—"but not so as to interfere with Mr. Southey's designs, who will, of course, have access to all my papers." The trustees of the will, however, saw reason to request that Mr. Southey would write the Life of Dr. Bell and appointed a committee to select such documents from the mass of his papers as would be available for such purpose. In this labor much credit is due to Mr. Davies, (Dr. Bell's amanuensis,) who, to promote the object in view, took lodgings at Keswick, and drew up a series of narratives for Mr. Southey's use; a course rendered quite needful, it seems, by the vast and formidable mass of materials accumulated:—

"And (continues the preface) it must be borne in mind that these were not all important letters, containing specific and available information, but that perhaps several hundreds had to be searched, even for a single fact or date; and the Doctor's pursuits and employments being often so complicated as to require a number of distinct notices, the same papers have often passed forty or fifty times through Mr. Davies' hands. As soon as the papers had arrived at Keswick, and been arranged by Mr. Davies, my father commenced his labors; but being only able to devote a small portion of each day to this purpose, he proceeded but slowly. The materials being too cumbrous to be conveniently removed to Greta Hall, he regularly went down to Mr. Davies' lodgings, remaining from seven until nine o'clock in the summer mornings, and from daylight until that time in winter. His first step was to read through the great body of the letters, and mark such as he wished Mr. Davies to copy. This alone occupied him twelve months; and so many papers were afterwards sent him, that twelve months more were similarly employed. Meantime Mr. Davies, with unwearied

patience and industry, was collecting all the matter that could possibly be available into a series of connected narratives, from which my father now commenced composing the Life; but many circumstances combined to retard his progress. In the summer of 1838, when he made a short tour on the continent, he had brought the Life down to the point where it has fallen to my office to resume it; and on returning home for some of the winter months, he partly occupied himself in hearing Mr. Davies read over the notes and memoranda he had made during a visit to Swannage. From the spring of 1839 until the following August he was again absent; and from the period of his return until his death, I deeply regret to say, he was totally incapable of resuming his literary labors."

To this simple narrative there is attached a melancholy interest, as relating the last occupation of a powerful mind just previous to the destined time of its extinction. Only the first volume, however, was the laureate's production—the second and third are by his son. The opening paragraphs bear the mint-stamp of the poet's exquisite prose-style; and, besides, present a portrait drawn by a master:—

"Andrew, the son of Alexander and Margaret Bell, was born in the city of St. Andrew's, on the 27th of March, 1753. His father was a barber in that city—a personage of more importance in the age of periwigs, and when considered as a surgeon of the lowest class, than in these times. He had been educated for a better station, but was thus reduced by a complication of misfortunes brought upon him, his son says, in early life by his inexperience and credulity. That his immediate ancestors were persons of some consequence appears from this circumstance, that they are remembered to have been the first persons in the city of St. Andrew's who introduced the luxury of tea, and could boast of a China tea-service. He was a man of extraordinary abilities; and having acquired no inconsiderable degree of mechanical and practical science, added to his original trade that of clock and watchmaker; regulated by observations the timepiece in the public library of the university, and assisted Dr. Walker, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, in preparing his experiments. His habits and appearance were singular, yet not so as to lessen the respect in which he was held for his talents, probity, and strength of character. He is described as tall and ungainly, with thick lips and a great mouth, which he commonly kept open, and wearing a large, bushy, well-powdered wig. Persons are still living who remember him hastening through the street, with a professor's wig, ready dressed, in each hand, his arms at half-stretch to prevent their collision. After trimming one professor he would sit down and breakfast with him, and then away to trim and breakfast with another; his appetite, like his mouth, (and his mind also,) being of remarkable and well-known capacity. He was at one time bailie of the city; and once by his personal influence, after all other means had failed, he quelled what is called a 'meal-mob'—riots upon that score being then so frequent as to obtain this specific denomination. The house in which he lived, and which was his own, stood in South Street, on the east side of the town or parish church, and adjoining it. It consisted of two stories, with an outer staircase supported by wooden pillars, and a wooden projection

into the street. This served for his shop, and there he enjoyed his afternoon lounge. This style of building was formerly common in old Scotch towns; particularly in Edinburgh, Kirkcaldy, and St. Andrew's. It has now become rare in Scotland; and the specimens of it which were common in the North of England a generation ago, have almost all been replaced in a manner which, if it be as much more commodious as it is less picturesque, must be considered a great improvement. Bailie Bell was a proficient at draughts, backgammon, and chess. Such of the students, and of the professors also, as were fond of these games, used to meet at his house, and Andrew, while a mere child, acquired such singular skill in all of them, that the best players were fond of engaging with him. A more remarkable instance of the bailie's versatile talents is, that he engaged with Mr. Wilson, afterwards professor of astronomy at Glasgow, in a scheme for casting types upon some plan of their own. They were employed upon this, his son said, day and night, night and day, in a garret; and though they did not succeed, yet, after the professor's removal to Glasgow, the well-known printers Robert and Andrew Foulis, are said to have been beholden to him for the beauty of their typography. Bailie Bell, having saved a little property, retired from business a short time before the close of his life."

Dr. Bell was the second son of the bailie. His first school experiences are curious, not only as giving indications of his future course in life, but as recording a system which the world has happily now outgrown:—

"He never spoke of the discipline, or rather tyranny, which he witnessed and endured in those years of his life, without indignation. 'Oh, it was terrible!' he said, 'the remains of feudal severity! I never went to school without trembling. I could not tell whether I should be flogged or not.' His father, he used to say, had been driven from the grammar-school by cruelties that would now hardly be believed; yet neither his father nor he were wanting in capacity or diligence. Schools were everywhere conducted in those days upon a system of brutal severity, which never ought to have existed except where the master happened to be a man of singular humanity. In proof, however, that the severity of Scotch parents was then little less in degree, Dr. Bell instanced the case of a little boy, who, on his return from school after a merciless flogging, was observed to sit very uneasily; the father examined him, and though he saw that a great wound had been made, he merely observed there was room enough for more! 'But mind,' Dr. Bell added, 'he did not forget to remonstrate with the master.' Between the fear of punishment and the earnest desire of improvement, his thoughts were so wholly engrossed by his lessons, that the family often said it was a wonder Andrew did not go east instead of west when he went out of the door; and, indeed, though he did not lose the way, yet when he was going to any particular place he generally overpassed it, being lost in thought as he went along. What he knew he knew well, and never forgot; but a want of verbal memory rendered that which, for common capacities, is, however unattractive, the easiest of their tasks at school, to him the most difficult. According to his own account, he never could correctly get by heart a single rule of the Latin syn-

tax, though he perfectly understood the meaning, and was at no loss to apply it. My old master, Dr. Vincent, used to say, 'Give me a reason, boy! I would always rather you should give me a reason than a rule.' But under a more Busbeian system than that of Westminster had become in my days, and a less reasonable master, this natural defect or peculiarity sufficiently accounts for the fear with which Andrew took his way to school. Notwithstanding this, he made good progress in Latin; Greek, in his country, was seldom or never taught at that time in such schools. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'the master could have taught it; so we began our Greek alphabet when we went to the university.' The inclination which led him to scientific studies was manifested at this time in the earnestness with which he applied himself to arithmetic. Dissatisfied with the book of arithmetic which was used in the school, he set about composing one for his own improvement, taking, it is said, Mair's for the foundation. Not only his leisure hours were devoted to this object, but much nightly labor also—so early did he acquire that uncomfortable and injurious habit; and, young as he then was, he completed the task so much to his own satisfaction, that when, about ten years afterwards, most of his papers were lost in a shipwreck, he particularly regretted the loss of this."

We are always disposed to take reminiscences of this kind with many grains of allowance. So early as 1769, Andrew Bell matriculated at the United College. He was the youngest pupil in the mathematical class, and obtained the prize in that class when still young enough to be called Little Andrew; and subsequently, "several public and honorable marks of distinguished merit and proficiency." During these years he held the Glendie bursary as next-of-kin; his mother, (Margaret Robertson,) being descended from the Dean of Cashel of that name, who founded, by his will, a bursary at St. Salvador's, for the benefit of his descendants. The resources derived from this privilege were, however, scanty, and young Bell was compelled to eke them out by teaching. He diligently applied himself to mathematics and natural philosophy,—having for his instructor in the latter Dr. Wilkie, the author of the "Epigoniad," in whose favor Mr. Southey makes an eloquent and characteristic digression.

On attaining twenty-one, Andrew Bell resolved on seeking his fortune in the colonies, and having received some offers from Virginia, embarked for America, first providing himself with honorable testimonials. It was in the year 1774 that he sailed from Glasgow. For the next five years nothing is known. In 1779 he was engaged as private tutor at an annual salary of 200*l.*, in the family of Mr. Carter Braxton, a wealthy merchant of West Point. Two years later he accompanied the sons of this gentleman to Europe, and devoted himself to their education; and so prudent had he been, that he was now in possession of or held securities worth not less than 8 or 900*l.*, though unfortunately few of these securities were realized. He had much trouble with the young men, but

fought through all difficulties until, compelled by a combination of circumstances, he, in 1784, consented to their return. Meantime, he had himself succeeded in getting ordination in the church of England; and soon after obtained an appointment as preacher to the Episcopal chapel at Leith, with a salary of 70*l.* a year; but this he left in six months, to undertake the education of Lord Conyngham's second son, an engagement however in which he was disappointed; and therefore returned to his flock. Ultimately his destination was India. Having taken farewell by letter of his Leith friends, and obtained a doctor's degree, he sailed for Madras, and arrived there on the 2nd of June 1787; and on the 10th of August was appointed chaplain to the 4th regiment, stationed at Arcot. He attempted to add to his means by the delivery of philosophical lectures, in which he was only moderately successful; and on the day on which he concluded his second course, sailed with his apparatus for Bengal and Calcutta, where he remained for two months, and then returned to Madras to receive a shower of appointments:—

"It must be confessed, that, at this time, Dr. Bell partook largely of the blessings of pluralism. He held, 1st, the as yet unconfirmed chaplainship of the 4th European regiment; 2d, the deputy-chaplainship of the 19th regiment of cavalry in the king's service; 3d, that of his Majesty's 36th; 4th, of the 52nd; 5th, of the 74th; 6th, the junior chaplainship at Fort St. George; 7th, the superintendency of the undertaker's office; and 8th, the chaplainship of the army. Kehama, who was in eight places at once, was a type of Dr. Bell at this time. Some of these offices may have been sinecures; but there is good proof among his papers that none of them were sinecures."

The following letter on his father's death, which happened about this time, may be quoted to his credit—in evidence both of his feeling and judgment:—

"*Dr. Bell to the Rev. Dr. J. Adamson.*

"MADRAS, 1789.

"My dear Sir,—I received, July 27th, by the packet of the Chesterfield, the afflicting news of the death of as good a father, and as just and upright a man as ever lived. You need not blush to call him friend, as I never shall to call him father. I might have been better prepared, as you think I ought to have been, for this distressful report, had I construed superstitiously the alarming letter from him, with which my heart has been wrung of late. It has pleased God to follow me through life with his merciful chastisements, and to train me up in the school of adversity. I was flattering myself that my late letters would remove any distress that my poor father suffered on the score of fortune, and that I had attained the great object of my adventuring the East, being able to make some provision for the family, when news is brought to me that my ill-father, who had a heart that felt too much, and a disposition that led him to all goodness, and a genius and education that elevated him far above his condition in life, had fallen a sacrifice to a complication of misfortunes, entailed upon him in early life, in the inexperience of an academic education and the credulity of youth—misfortunes

which you will pity, which every good man will pity, and thank God that it fell not to his own share to suffer as he did. It is the never-failing effect of a depressed mind in this country to induce bilious complaints. I had not, even in point of health, recovered from the effect of my father's description of what he suffered on this occasion, when I was nominated junior chaplain at this presidency, and thought to soften anew the complaints of European fortune, and hold out to my father the best consolation I could offer under his severe trials—the report of my private good success in life, and the assurance of my resolution, as soon as my fortune was settled, to make ample provision for him through life. But these hopes were scarcely formed when they are blasted forever by the melancholy account of his sudden death. After trying in vain to stand this shock, I have left my duty to my friend and colleague, Archdeacon Leslie, and retired to the country, where I am secluded from every European countenance. Here I am at leisure to indulge grief, and thereby to prevent its violent effusion; to survey my past life; to correct those errors that may have brought upon me such sufferings; and to lay down rules for my future conduct, from which, if I ever swerve, it must be from depravity of inclination, and not strength of temptation. My poor sisters now claim all my attention—my affections now centre there. The only consolation I can now receive is a favorable report of them. I am much sensible of what they and I owe to you for your early attention. Your kindness to them cannot add to the opinion the world entertains of your goodness; but it will add greatly to the obligation I feel to that goodness, and it will, somehow or other, provide a benefactor to your own children. I beseech you then, for the sake of your own family, who must one day be deprived of so good a man and so excellent a father, to regard the situation of my sisters. I wish to devolve this duty, during my absence from home, upon you and Dr. George Hill. I ask it not on account of our past acquaintance—I ask it not on account of our future acquaintance—I ask it on account of the distress of my unfortunate sisters. I trust that my father has done, what I often told him to do in St. Andrews, and repeated to him at Leith, left the whole of his estate to my sisters, and that there will be no trouble in securing this for them. From what my father wrote to me about a will of my brother's in my favor, and a forged will in favor of others, I am apprehensive there will be much trouble in recovering what he always meant should fall to the family. The money in Mr. Reid's hands, I trust, will not be lost to my sisters, to whom, as to my father, I will give the life-rent of whatever may be recovered and remain, after expenses are paid. I before sent a power of attorney to my father for this purpose; I now send one to you. I presume not to offer any instructions, nor need you to refer to me at this distance. Act for them as for yourselves, and your conduct will meet with my support and approbation, and I will be answerable for the consequences. It is unnecessary to remark, that I must insist, as a preliminary article, that every direct and contingent expense which may attend your acting for me, and correspondence with me, be charged to my account. Letters should always be sent by the post. It is the only conveyance to be trusted to. There is no expense but in the postage to and from London, which is a mere trifle. I hope the school thrives. It is not my wish to raise



my sisters above their present situation in life. This would not conduce to their happiness. What I wish only is to render them easy in their circumstances, and comfortable in their sphere of life; and I shall be glad of your opinion of what is necessary for this purpose. I wrote to professor George Hill, that there may be some provision for that mortality which reigns so much in my mind at present. I say nothing of Dean of Guild Kerr. I know he will not be wanting in his good offices and services, and I trust I shall be able to repay them. \* \* \*

Adventurers to the East Indies, as one of Bell's correspondents remarked to him, brought with them but little science, and therefore there is less to wonder at in Dr. Bell's rapid success there as a philosophical teacher. To his office of junior chaplain of Fort St. George, was attached the office of—undertaker;—that is, the chaplain was the person by whom funerals were actually furnished, the working undertaker being only his functionary, and receiving a graduated per centage on the cost. We have a copy of Bell's instructions to this personage, which are characteristic, but too long for quotation; soon after issuing them, however, he gave up the business. He was not only ashamed of it, but preferred lecturing, and in the spring of 1793 delivered a scientific course in his own house at Madras, realizing thereby 600 pagodas.

¶ We now approach the grand mission of his life:—

"When the Madras government desired Captain Dempster to leave Dr. Bell there, instead of carrying him on to Bengal, according to his original destination, it was in conformity to an application from the committee then employed in establishing a Military Male Orphan Asylum in that presidency. The committee made this application, because they looked on him as a person eminently qualified to superintend the education of children. The opinion so justly formed at this time of his peculiar talents, placed him in the way of preferment, and enabled him to lay the foundation of his fortune; and the office to which he was in consequence appointed, called forth those talents in the manner which has signalized his name."

We have not space to relate the rise and progress of the institution: suffice it to say, that Dr. Bell offered his services without salary. The successive appeals to the public were successful, and application was from time to time forwarded to the Court of Directors to increase their funds; though the company at first refused, they had help from other quarters, and the affair went on prosperously, so that they were soon able to provide for 200 boys. Rules were of course appointed; an acting president and select committee were nominated; an annual examination was had; the practice of inoculation introduced, the patients being removed to the hospital; and while Dr. Bell's solicitude increased, the establishment grew into reputation and influence.

It remains to trace the growth of the system of

education, which originated at the Madras asylum, and has since spread its branches over divers lands. The following fact is curious:—

"Fathers were not more desirous to obtain for their children the benefits of this asylum, than the mothers of those who were fatherless were at first averse to it. Most of these women, being Moors or Hindoos, were so ignorant of European customs, and so prepossessed with a notion that the religion of the English was as inhuman as their own, that when, by order of those to whose guardianship the boys had been left, they brought them to be admitted upon the foundation, they supposed the children were to be sacrificed to some unknown god, and went through all the ceremonies of mourning for them. Others fancied that they were giving them up to slavery; and even the least unreasonable thought they were delivered over to hard taskmasters. A short time sufficed for dispelling such suppositions; and when they understood what the object of the institution really was, they then employed every kind of importunity to obtain admittance for them."

Now then for the origin of the system itself:—

"Dr. Bell was dissatisfied with the want of discipline, and the imperfect instruction in every part of the school; but more particularly with the slow progress of the younger boys, and the unreasonable length of time consumed in teaching them their letters. They were never able to proceed without the constant aid of an usher, and, with that aid, months were wasted before the difficulties of the alphabet were got over. Dr. Bell's temper led him to do all things quickly, and his habits of mind to do them thoroughly, and leave nothing incomplete. He tells us, that from the beginning he looked upon perfect instruction as the main duty of the office with which he had charged himself; yet he was foiled for some time in all the means that he devised for attaining it. Many attempts he made to correct the evil in its earliest stage, and in all he met with more or less opposition from the master and ushers. Every alteration which he proposed, they considered as implying some reflection on their own capacity or diligence; in proportion as he interfered, they thought themselves disparaged, and were not less displeased than surprised, that instead of holding the office of superintendent as a sinecure, his intention was to devote himself earnestly to the concerns of the asylum, and more especially to the school department. Things were in this state, when, happening on one of his morning rides to pass by a Malabar school, he observed the children seated on the ground, and writing with their fingers in sand, which had for that purpose been strewn before them. He hastened home, repeating to himself as he went 'Ευρηκα,' 'I have discovered it;' and gave immediate orders to the usher of the lowest classes to teach the alphabet in the same manner, with this difference only from the Malabar mode, that the sand was strewn upon a board. These orders were either disregarded or so carelessly executed, as if they were thought not worth regarding; and after frequent admonitions, and repeated trials made without either expectation or wish of succeeding, the usher at last declared it was impossible to teach the boys in that way. If he had acted on this occasion in good will, and with merely common ability, Dr. Bell might never have cried *Ευρηκα* a second

time. But he was not a man to be turned from his purpose by the obstinacy of others, nor to be baffled in it by their incapacity; baffled, however, he was now sensible that he must be, if he depended for the execution of his plans on the will and ability of those over whose minds he had no command. He bethought himself of employing a boy, on whose obedience, disposition, and cleverness he could rely, and giving him charge of the alphabet class. The lad's name was John Frisken; he was the son of a private soldier, had learned his letters in the asylum, and was then about eight years old. Dr. Bell laid the strongest injunctions upon him to follow his instructions; saying, he should look to him for the success of the simple and easy method which was to be pursued, and hold him responsible for it. What the usher had pronounced to be impossible, this lad succeeded in effecting without any difficulty. The alphabet was now as much better taught as till then it had been worse than any other part of the boys' studies; and Frisken, in consequence, was appointed permanent teacher of that class. Though Dr. Bell did not immediately perceive the whole importance of this successful experiment, he proceeded in the course into which he had been, as it were, compelled. What Frisken had accomplished with the alphabet class, might, in like manner, be done with those next in order, by boys selected, as he had been, for their aptitude to learn and to teach. Accordingly, he appointed boys as assistant teachers to some of the lower classes, giving, however, to Frisken the charge of superintending both the assistants and their classes, because of his experience and the readiness with which he apprehended and executed whatever was required from him. This talent, indeed, the lad possessed in such perfection, that Dr. Bell did not hesitate to throw upon him the entire responsibility of this part of the school. The same improvement was now manifested in these classes as had taken place in teaching the alphabet. This he attributed to the diligence and fidelity with which his little friends, as he used to call them, performed his orders. To them a smile of approbation was no mean reward, and a look of displeasure a sufficient punishment. Even in this stage he felt confident that nothing more was wanting to bring the school into such a state as he had always proposed to himself, than to carry through the whole of the plan upon which he was now proceeding. And this, accordingly, was done. The experiment which from necessity had been tried at first with one class, was systematically extended to all the others in progression; and, what is most important with scholastic improvement, moral improvement, not less, in consequence of the system, is said to have kept pace. For the assistant teachers, being invested with authority not because of their standing in the school, retained their influence at all times, and it was their business to interpose whenever their interference was necessary: such interference prevented all that tyranny and ill usage from which so much of the evil connected with boarding-schools arises; and all that mischief in which some boys are engaged by a mischievous disposition, more by mere wantonness, and a still greater number by the example of their companions. The boys were thus rendered inoffensive towards others, and among themselves; and this gentle preventive discipline made them, in its sure consequences, contented and happy. A boy was appointed over

each class to marshal them when they went to church or walked out, and to see that they duly performed the operations of combing and washing themselves. Ten boys were appointed daily to clean the school-rooms, and wait upon the others at their meals. Twice a-week during the hot season, and once a-week during the monsoon season, they were marched by an usher to the tank, and there they bathed by classes. As to any purposes of instruction, the master and ushers were now virtually superseded. They attended the school so as to maintain the observance of the rules; though even this was scarcely necessary under Dr. Bell's vigilant superintendence, who now made the school the great pleasure as well as the great business of his life. Their duty was, not to teach, but to look after the various departments of the institution, to see that the daily tasks were performed, to take care of the boys in and out of school, and to mark any irregularity or neglect either in them or the teachers. The master's principal business regarded now the economy of the institution: he had charge both of the daily disbursements and monthly expenditure under the treasurer. The precise date of that experiment which led to the general introduction of boy-teachers cannot be ascertained; but that these teachers had been introduced in 1791, or early in the ensuing year, is certain. In private letters, written to his friends in Europe, Dr. Bell relates the progress of his improvements step by step, and the impressions made upon his own mind by the complete success of his exertions in a favorite pursuit. These letters show also how soon he became aware of the importance of the system which he was developing and bringing to maturity."

Dr. Bell had, of course, to contend against the opposition of masters and ushers, with whose interests the new system seemed to be inconsistent. But such opposition was but a rope of sand contrasted with the decision of his character with whom they had to deal. The measures he took to counteract it were as various as the kinds of annoyance resorted to, and at length succeeded in establishing reform. It was not done, however, without involving the resignation of the schoolmaster, who declared himself incapable of undergoing the fatigues involved in his duties. On Dr. Bell inquiring what duties he meant, he replied "Almost every duty." He was asked also, "What fatigues?" and he replied, "The fatigues of the mind." Such is the state of too many professors of education: they desiderate only mechanical employment, and a routine of tasks, involving no thought, and inducing none in their unfortunate pupils. That this mental indolence has in great part been now corrected is due to Dr. Bell's perseverance and sagacity. The boy Frisken proved a capital coadjutor to the doctor; though only eleven years of age, he taught all the younger classes, amounting to a third of the whole school. The education at the asylum, under Dr. Bell's superintendence, was so complete as far as it went, and the character of the boys in consequence so good, that applications were made for them from all quarters.

Of one of these boys, named Smith, an interesting account is given, for which, however, our readers must consult the work itself; where they will find recorded the scientific accomplishments of the celebrated Tippoo Sultan.

Attached as Dr. Bell was to India, still he was haunted occasionally by a desire to return home. The state of his health required change of air. For this purpose he went to Pondicherry, to Tanjore, and to Trichinopoly, but still his health declined. Nevertheless, long after he had obtained leave to return, he still lingered on the scene of his labors. At length, however, leaving the superintendence of the Orphan Asylum to the care of Mr. Kerr, he prepared to return to England. And with this terminates the laureate's portion of the work before us.

The amount of materials contained in the narratives drawn up by Mr. Davies would, if printed, have made from twelve to fourteen large octavo volumes; Mr. C. C. Southey had, therefore, to select from this vast mass what is contained in the remaining two volumes of the work before us.

Previous to quitting India, Dr. Bell took care to embody the result of his labors and experiments in a final and authentic account of his new system of education, and this report was accepted as a record of the institution which he had established. The rapidity with which Dr. Bell had accumulated money was almost unparalleled even in India, considering his position, and that the regular emoluments averaged only about 4,000 pagodas, or 1,600*l.* a-year. We find that on his return to England, in the year 1800, his property amounted to no less than 25,935*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* Nevertheless, when he abandoned the intention of returning, he sought a retiring allowance from the East India Company in reward of his extraordinary labors. In his memorial, he stated that when Mr. Kerr succeeded to the charge of the asylum, a salary of 140 pagodas a month was assigned him, and that the amount of this salary, together with the interest on the parts of it as they fell due, was the sum which the asylum had benefited by what he had given up,—at which rate the sacrifice made by him amounted to about 6,700*l.* The Court of Directors granted him a pension of 200*l.* per annum, while he remained in Europe; soon after which he published his report, with additions, under the title of “An Experiment in Education, made at the male Asylum at Madras, suggesting a system by which a school or family may teach itself under the superintendence of the master or parent.”

“It is not,” says Mr. C. C. Southey, “to be inferred from Dr. Bell’s previously hesitating to publish this report, that he was not at that time aware of the inherent powers of the system he had discovered, or the important objects to which it was capable of being directed. It has, indeed, been asserted, that until Mr. Lancaster took up the sub-

ject, and brought it into general notice, Dr. Bell had given up the cause as hopeless. This, however, was far from being the case. No man was ever more sensible of the value of his own discovery than he was; and his hesitation seems to have arisen chiefly from his doubting whether the period had arrived when it would meet with due attention. Its ultimate success he never doubted. ‘I have printed my essay,’ he says, in a letter to General Floyd, ‘on the mode of teaching at the male asylum, and have now a design of publishing it. By the end of next century I hope it will be generally practised in Europe; but it is probable that others will fall upon the same scheme before this be much attended to.’ And in one of his letters to the printer, he says—‘You will mark me for an enthusiast; but if you and I live a thousand years, we shall see this system of education spread over the world.’ ‘What he meant by the system,’ says the author of ‘The Origin, Nature, and Object of the New System of Education,’ ‘is apparent both from the title and the whole tenor of the pamphlet—not writing in sand, not syllabic reading, nor any of the improvements in detail, but the main principle and main spring of the whole—the new mode of conducting a school by the medium of the scholars themselves. Had Dr. Bell done no more than conceive the idea of this system, and publish it to the world, he would have done enough.’ \* \* Unless Dr. Bell had abandoned all clerical duties and made education his profession, he could not have promoted the extension of his discovery more than he did. He had spared no pains in rendering the report perfect in all its parts; and having thus laid before the public a clear description of the system, together with most abundant testimony to its success in the only establishment where it had been tried, he had done his part, and it remained for the nation, and especially for those engaged in education, to discharge theirs.”

“The system” was introduced into the school of St. Botolph’s, Aldgate, in 1798, and the second practical experiment was made in the schools at Kendal, by Dr. Briggs, in the following year; an incidental trial was successfully made in the Blue Coat school, and Dr. Bell also attempted to introduce the system into Edinburgh; but was met by insuperable obstacles. One thing, however, as he now kept a fine house and a carriage, he found easy—marriage. On the 3rd November, 1800, he wedded Miss Agnes Barclay, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Middleton. The lady was an intimate correspondent of Dr. Darwin, and an acquaintance of the learned Lady Audley. Whether prejudice against learned ladies be correct, or whether in Dr. Bell’s temper and habits was some incompatibility, the marriage proved unhappy. The biographers purposely suppress all particulars; so that all we know is, that the parties separated in April, 1806, and were not reunited. Soon after the marriage, Dr. Bell became rector of Swanage, a village in Dorset, the income of which amounted to nearly 800*l.* a year. Some account of an extraordinary man, one of its inhabitants, is here given, and by way of encouragement, must be quoted by ourselves:—



"Among those whom Dr. Bell first visited was Mr. Thomas Manwell, who lived close to the rectory, and who was one of the most extraordinary men in Swanage, having originally been a quarryman. On first entering his house, Dr. Bell was surprised at seeing a great number of books in the room, and on expressing his astonishment to Mrs. Manwell, was informed by her that 'there were ten times the number up stairs,' and that her husband had long been in the habit of spending all his spare money in the purchase of books, and all his leisure time in their perusal. This person was the son of George Manwell, quarryman, whose history, and that of some of his ancestors, is sufficiently interesting to claim some notice here. The following account is taken from a letter of George Manwell, jun., to his son Henry, March 2, 1814—'I can trace the family no further back,' he says, 'than to my grandfather on that side, and but little more on my grandmother's. After London was burnt some years, and the city began to be rebuilt and flourishing, there was an uncommon call for Purbeck stone, and paving was sold at so high a price as 30s. per cwt. This, of course, attracted the notice of the neighborhood round; and numbers of boys from different parishes, at the distance of twenty miles, were apprenticed here to the stone trade, and premiums given. This increased the inhabitants greatly, and other tradesmen were wanting. Our grandfather, Joseph Manwell, was then a young man, a carpenter by trade, and came to Swanage from the parish of Strickland, near Abbey Melton, and as there was no carpenter in Swanage, thought it a good opening for business. He then married our grandmother, Elizabeth Abbot, youngest daughter of farmer Abbot of Worth. Our great-grandfather Abbot was very wealthy for that time. He gave all his children livings except grandmother, to whom, being about to marry a man intended for trade, he gave 100*l.* for her fortune. This was a capital sum in those times, for her father had then carried twenty-one bushels of wheat, great measure, from Worth to Poole, and sold it for 40*s.* Father was not one year old when his father Joseph died. The carpentering business dropped, and his widow was left with three young children. However, with the little property she had, and her own industry, she bred them without any assistance. Father, of course, under these circumstances, had scarcely any education, and at the age of eleven was put an apprentice to a quarryman, with a premium, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, rector of Margate, who was, by the best information I can obtain, either uncle to grandmother or cousin. \* \* Father was a man of uncommon strong memory, could easily have learned anything, but no chance for improvement, and scarcely, or never, wrote his name, till after he was a man, when working in Portland about Westminster-bridge.'

"The individual here mentioned, George Manwell, was the chief means of introducing music into Swanage as a science, little or no attention having been previously paid to it. He first learned the art of singing by notes from a person who had come there for the purpose of giving lessons in music; and who, perceiving that Manwell was possessed of an excellent ear, gave him some gratuitous instruction. The knowledge he had thus acquired he was anxious to disseminate, and under his tuition his three sons soon made great progress; he also gave similar instruction to numbers of young men of the place, and a foundation was

thus laid for that musical knowledge which has since been much cultivated in Swanage. Of Thomas Manwell, the eldest son, often called the Swanage philosopher, it is said that he never attended any school after he was eight years old, at which time he was taken by his father to the quarries, to learn the stone-cutting trade. He was of a delicate constitution, and his father perceiving this, and his great love for reading, kindly supplied him with a few books, and avoided putting him to the severer labors of the quarries. By the time he was fourteen years of age, he had instructed himself fully in the theory of navigation, and before he was seventeen he had constructed a sun-dial on one side of his father's house, and he afterwards made another for the church, which still remains. He continued to follow his trade as a stone-cutter, devoting all his leisure moments to study, until after the French Revolution, when from the excellent character he bore, and from his scientific knowledge, he was appointed to the situation of midshipman under the lieutenant of the signal-post off Swanage, called Round Down, which appointment he held, except during the ten months' peace of Amiens, until after the battle of Waterloo, when the signal-posts were discontinued. The solitude of this place was well suited to his habits and feelings, and the leisure which the situation often afforded, gave him an opportunity of following his favorite studies, which were now botany and astronomy, although he also paid much attention to mathematics, history, chemistry, and philosophy. On these subjects he not only studied but wrote, having compiled upwards of twenty volumes of different sizes, all closely written in imitation of printing. These chiefly consist of extracts from books on philosophy, history, science, and mathematics, interspersed with his own observations. \* \* He appears to have been a man of retiring habits, and of a very abstracted turn of mind, passing much of his time alone, and avoiding all intercourse with any but his own family and most intimate friends. Even when engaged in his stone-shed he rarely conversed with his fellow-workmen, having few subjects of common interest with them, and being unwilling to communicate his knowledge where it could not be understood or appreciated. This reserve and taciturnity, however, entirely disappeared when he met with men of congenial tastes and habits, and this was the case in a remarkable degree in his intercourse with his two brothers, who were also men of no ordinary powers of mind. They were in the habit of meeting occasionally at the house of one of the brothers, and here they used to spend hours in conversing on philosophy, astronomy, history, the arts and sciences, &c. &c. 'Thomas,' said an old lady who was well acquainted with him, 'was always talking about thunder and lightning, earthquakes, mountains, eclipses, (which he calculated with great exactness,) and numbers of other matters which we could not understand.' Had Manwell received a liberal education, and had better opportunities of pursuing his studies, he would doubtless have distinguished himself in scientific pursuits; he does not, however, seem to have possessed much ambition, or indeed ever to have wished to quit his native place. Dr. Bell, having been struck with the number and subjects of the books in Manwell's house, became desirous of seeing the owner, and subsequently had much intercourse with him; never failing to pay him a

visit, or ask him to the rectory, whenever he came from his duties at the signal-post. On these occasions, they used to spend many hours in conversation on philosophical and scientific subjects; and Dr. Bell used often to say that Manwell possessed more actual knowledge on the theoretical, and, in many instances, on the practical parts of philosophy, than almost any man he ever knew."

Dr. Bell was slow in introducing his system into his own parochial schools; nevertheless by degrees he did so. It was not until 1806, however, that he seems to have been at all satisfied with the result; when, having separated from his wife, he turned again to the system to which he had been previously wedded, and which henceforth engrossed the whole of his attention.

Soon after his arrival at Swanage, Dr. Bell introduced vaccination among his parishioners in place of inoculation; on this subject, he thus wrote in a letter to a friend:—

"Sunday the 15th, (June, 1806,) I did what was never done before in Swanage—preached twice, and the same sermon, both forenoon and afternoon, on cow-pock. The consequence is, that I have now this year vaccinated 211 subjects, which, added to the three former years' list, make 504 I have vaccinated. A mother has brought a second child from Portsmouth, on purpose for my vaccination, because the elder had resisted the small-pox in every way, whom, being accidentally here, I had vaccinated with my parishioners and neighbors; for I sent none away. Among other causes, I am detained by the vaccination (brought on before the usual period by the natural small-pox breaking out in the neighborhood) from returning to London so soon as I intended.' And in the course of the next month he writes—'I have now almost finished my fourth annual vaccination for the cow-pock, amounting in all to 658 subjects, from seventy-eight years of age to twelve months; and have set old women, school-mistresses, &c., in neighboring parishes, inoculating with vaccine matter.'"

Dr. Bell also busied himself in introducing the manufacture of straw-plat into the village.

The facts detailed in the work before us, undoubtedly settle the priority of Dr. Bell's claim, as founder of the educational system of mutual instruction; still we think that both the doctor and his friends (including both Mr. Southey and Mr. Coleridge) pressed too hardly upon Mr. Lancaster in the matter. In this they were animated by a zeal for the credit of the Church of England. Had Mr. Lancaster not so used the system, however he came by it, as to contribute apparent strength to the dissenting interest—had he, in fact, not been a formidable and successful rival, his proceedings would have been passed by in silence, and not violent opposition. A strong delusion, however, was upon all parties; they loved victory more than charity, and enacted scenes whereat the angels wept. Life is a tragi-comedy, and in the conduct of the best of men there are points over which we would willingly draw the veil. The present biography, however, does not

do so; but, in its text and appended correspondence, furnishes the evidences of partizan advocacy, not as things to be regretted, but to be boasted of. Doubtless the quarrel then commenced, which has been since continued, and still rages, whether the Church, or Dissent, or both, shall have the education of the people; and, whether Lancaster's ends were schismatic or not, doubtless he pursued them by vulgar means, and made his appeals, with equal effrontery, to the less and the more refined. All this may be conceded; nevertheless, why should the rivals in a good work be other than friends? and what if the members of a secular institution were to declare themselves the enemies of every man in the same state, not belonging to their body, in precise proportion to his activity in promoting like worthy objects? Mr. Southey and Mr. Coleridge were just the men to see the truths at which we have glanced, whenever they had to deal with the general argument, but no sooner did the question become personal and specific, than they, as it seems to us, sacrificed their philosophical character to the spirit of partizanship and malevolence. The last word is not too emphatic for the animosity exhibited in the correspondence of men estimable alike for their genius and virtues, but as strong in their talents when they erred as when they did well. Lancaster's efforts in education had preceded the Madras Report, and had originated in religious feelings. Immediately on its publication, he adopted its principles, which shows that his heart was in the cause of education, and that he was on the look-out for whatever would serve the great purpose of his life. If he afterwards sinned in denying the aid that he received, he most amply expiated his guilt by the persecution that he excited, his consequent poverty and miserable death. Let his brethren, nevertheless, weep over him, as a true prophet, who performed his mission, though in the manner of doing it, he suffered himself to be misled, and was punished for yielding to an unworthy temptation. What Mr. Lancaster proposed may be gathered from a pamphlet, published by him in 1803, which, says Mr. C. C. Southey, in the passage we are about to quote, suggests "a system of education which, if carried into effect, would have been of the most pernicious tendency." Mr. C. C. Southey is a young man, his father was a wise one—but the world is wiser as well as older than either, and there are in it very different opinions on this point:—

"After making (says Mr. C. C. Southey,) some remarks on the necessity of gentle measures in all matters relating to a reform in society, and more especially in education, Lancaster proposes that a society should be formed for the purposes of education. 'This,' he says, 'should be established on general Christian principles, and on them only. Mankind are divided into sects, and individuals think very differently on religious subjects, from the purest motives; and that common gracious Parent, who loves all his children alike,

beholds with approbation every one who worships him in sincerity. Yet it cannot be reasonably supposed that conscientious men should promote a religious opinion directly contrary to their own. A Presbyterian, Baptist, Quaker, or any other, cannot, with sincerity, sacrifice their opinions to those of their amiable and Christian brethren in the Establishment; neither can the last conscientiously unite entirely in opinion with those of any other denominations; but the grand basis of Christianity alone is broad enough for the whole bulk of mankind to stand on, and join hands as children of one family. \* \* \* Ah! then, let all the friends of youth, among every denomination of Christians, exalt the standard of education, and rally round it for their preservation, laying aside all religious differences in opinion, and pursue two grand objects—the promotion of good morals, and the instruction of youth in useful learning, adapted to their respective situations. \* \* \* Indeed, he goes on to say, 'it is not to be wondered at that no general plan of this kind has been adopted: there are few things in which it would appear, at first sight, that the different religious interests of sectarians would clash more; and so they must, if a plan of this kind is eagerly pursued by one or more parties with a view to increase proselytes, or make it a vehicle to convey their favorite tenets. It has been generally conceived that if any particular sect obtained the principal care in a national system of education, that party would soon be likely to possess the greatest power and influence in the state. Fear that the clergy should aggrandize themselves too much, has produced opposition from dissenters to any proposal of the kind; on the other hand, the clergy have opposed anything of this nature which might originate with dissenters. \* \* \* However, there is yet hope left; the common ground of humanity is adapted to all—none can conscientiously scruple to meet there. All are agreed that the increase of learning and good morals are great blessings to society. If they cannot unite to do good in every particular instance, yet let them be fellow-helpers as far as they can, and cordially assist to do it with one mind, that society at large may no longer suffer loss by a set of the most valuable and useful men our nation can boast, employing themselves to little better purpose than to declaim against or make wry faces at each other.' 'I conceive any person,' says Lancaster, a little further on in this pamphlet, 'whose moral character and abilities were likely to make him serviceable to the rising generation, should be an object of the society's protection, let his denomination of religion be what it may, and let him pursue whatever method of religious or other instruction his sincere and best intentions may dictate.'"

It is far from our intention to debate this point; we merely produce it thus prominently that the character of Mr. Lancaster may be rightly understood; to treat of the expediency or otherwise of eclecticism would require a volume, not a few columns; but we believe it is not yet ruled that the eclectic is necessarily a criminal. One trait of Lancaster's character, however, is amusing: he had the simplicity to think that Dr. Bell might be induced to *subscribe* to the Lancasterian schools; we may imagine the consternation into which this threw the Doctor, who pronounced the "manner" of the request to be "indelicate."

But faults were not all on one side. Dr. Bell himself was guilty of an indiscretion which gave his friends and advocates much trouble. The lengths to which this error compelled his friends to go in his defence, may be judged of by the following letter from Mr. Southey:—

"Robert Southey, Esq., to Dr. Bell.

KESWICK, Oct. 11, 1811.

"My dear Sir,—This evening I have sent off the conclusion of a long, and I trust, conclusive article to the Quarterly. Had there been time, it should have passed under your eye; but it has occupied me much longer than I expected, because I have been very solicitous to strike as hard a blow as possible: it is so hard, that you will see your desire upon your enemies. I have managed better about the passage which has been the occasion of so much false accusation, than the British Reviewer did; for I have admitted its inconsistency, shown in what manner your very zeal for the furtherance of your great object betrayed you into it, and then made a thundering charge of malice and calumny against those who argue, from this single passage, in direct contradiction to the whole tenor of the book."

No further proof is needed, that we must not judge of the character of either litigant from the controversy that raged between their partisans—what was so written being in the spirit of advocacy, not of justice.

Leaving this disagreeable part of the subject, we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the volumes before us, for an account of the manner in which the system spread itself ultimately. It was all along antagonized by the Lancasterian, which, nevertheless, if we may be permitted to use philosophical language, was manifested as a correspondent opposite, in obedience to a law generally recognized both by Mr. Southey and Coleridge, but strangely forgotten by them while engaged in the dispute on the subject before us. The royal and noble patronage which had at first been acquired for the Lancasterian system, had been now turning itself to Dr. Bell's. The queen made an application to the National Society for a person to organize the Windsor school on the Madras system; and the Central School excited much attention among foreigners, which probably induced Dr. Bell to propose a continental tour; which, after visiting the north of England and Scotland, he undertook. Soon after his return to England, he was gratified by permission to visit her Majesty, as the guest of the Princess Elizabeth. Nor was this the only honorable notice that he received; the archbishop offered him a stall at Hereford: difficulties arising in the way of this, he was presented to one in Westminster. A place of worship also had been set apart for the Central School, and gave him an opportunity of showing his generosity in presenting to it a service of sacramental plate, which was done under peculiar circumstances that involved him in much unexpected expense. This period of his life manifests great activity. He went from



place to place, still engaged on his apostolic errand, diffusing the blessing of education wherever he could. There is, however, appointed an end to all earthly labor; and, in September of the year 1830, indications of declining health became apparent. Ultimately he lost the power of articulation, and was obliged to communicate his wishes by means of a slate and pencil; still his mind remained vigorous. He showed great anxiety about the posthumous publication of his writings—a complete edition of which he desired to be undertaken by Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey. Mrs. Wordsworth took a journey to Cheltenham for the purpose of coming to some arrangement; but the result was unsatisfactory.

“Dr. Bell's views were in a very unsettled state, both respecting the disposal of his property and the publication of his works; and owing to this and the irritability of his temper, Mrs. Wordsworth's visit was anything but one of pleasure. He seems now to have thought that his present illness would be fatal to him; and on Mr. Marriott's leaving Cheltenham, (whose visit we shall presently have occasion to notice,) he gave his gold repeater into his charge, as a memorial, to be presented to Lord Kenyon; and he directed that some boxes, containing part of the perquisites which fell to his share at the coronation of George the Fourth, should be sent off at once to Miss Marianne Kenyon. He also wrote at this time to Lord Kenyon, requesting that he would destroy all his Apology, and other papers which had the least of controversy concerning Sherburn hospital in them, that were in his possession. ‘My work,’ he said, ‘may be said to be done, as far as my earthly existence extends; and it is most fitting and right that everything which savors of disputation or controversy be buried in the grave with me.’ To this Lord Kenyon replied, that his commands to him with respect to any publication or correspondence ever entrusted to him, he might rely on it, should be faithfully observed: but he added,—‘As, however, no one can tell what time may produce, I should not think it expedient to destroy any documents, but to preserve such, solely for the purpose of irresistibly refuting falsehoods, should falsehoods be uttered, when the means for their refutation may be thought to be lost.’ In this opinion Dr. Bell appears to have acquiesced, since he neither repeated this request, nor did he himself destroy all those papers on this subject which were in his own possession. During his illness, however, he committed many of his papers to the flames, which, on the whole, was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for his biographer; for, having throughout his life till now, preserved every letter and even note he received, had he not destroyed some of them, the composition of his Life would have been still more difficult and laborious than it has been; while it is highly improbable that any new information of importance could have been derived from them.”

Another incident occurred, which is characteristic:—

“Meantime Miss Bell had manifested a great wish to visit her brother at Cheltenham, and with some reluctance he consented that she should do so; but no sooner had he given his consent, than he again recalled it, and wrote to her to that effect.

She had, however, set off before this letter reached St. Andrews, and on her arrival at Cheltenham, she was affectionately received by her brother. For some weeks they lived very happily together, and by a deed of conveyance, dated the 17th of May, he made over to her Lindsay cottage and grounds, whereby she was admitted tenant and proprietor of it, though he retained possession of it until his death. On the day following the date of this deed, Dr. Bell also delivered to her the following letter:—‘Yesterday I surrendered to you the cottage and grounds, and all the appurtenances and premises belonging to them; and accordingly, I now proceed to deliver up, give, and present to you all my furniture, goods and chattels, books and letters, and MSS., here and at Sherburn house, the carpet and the covering of the coronation chair which fell to me at the coronation of King George the Fourth; and elsewhere, my silver plate, gold coins, rings, chains and trinkets, money and cash, here and at Messrs. Pitt and Co.'s bankers, Cheltenham. The tea-service presented to me by the vestry of the Cowgate Episcopal Chapel at Edinburgh, and the sacramental plate presented to me by my Indian pupils, of which a duplicate was presented to the chapel of the National School, Ely-place, London, you have to deliver to the minister and vestry, for the time being, of the Episcopal chapel of St. Andrews.’ Two days after this was written, the doctor put a slip of paper into his sister's hand, with these words upon it:—‘Bequeath my gold chain and medal to the Madras college, St. Andrews.’ At present Dr. Bell was on good terms with his sister; but, unhappily, circumstances soon afterwards occurred, which caused an entire breach between them, and which, however painful it may be to do so, I must here briefly mention, as silence on this point would probably lead to erroneous impressions of Dr. Bell's conduct, and lay him open to the charge of unjust and capricious treatment of his sister. Miss Bell had unfortunately taken up the opinion that her brother was not in a fit state to make a will, and she accordingly expressed her conviction to others that ‘he was not in his right mind.’ This was more to be regretted than wondered at, when we consider the immense property which Dr. Bell possessed, and the natural expectation which she must have entertained of sharing largely, in common with his other relations, in his accumulated wealth. Be this, however, as it may, by some means or other, Dr. Bell began to suspect his sister's intentions; and having ascertained, beyond a doubt, how matters stood, he put a paper into her hands, stating that it was necessary for his health and peace that she should immediately leave his house, and giving her the choice of St. Andrews, London, or Malvern. She accordingly chose the latter place, and at once proceeded there.”

Mr. Southey also visited Dr. Bell, with a view of assisting in arranging the disposal of the property he had accumulated. The subject involved difficulties of every possible kind, into which we have no space to enter.

Dr. Bell died January 27, 1832, aged seventy-nine years. The elements of his character were, a strong mind, with great perseverance, a rigorous sense of order, and a great stock of worldly prudence.

From the Athenæum.

*The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England.* By the author of "The Clockmaker." Second and Last Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE Clockmaker's last revelations were so truly diverting, that the present ones will be anxiously looked for. They will be read, we may at once add, without disappointment. Nevertheless, one or two differences have passed over Sam. Good society has not "taken the shine" out of his impudent shrewdness, nor blunted the edge of his acute common-sense; but it seems to have called out a certain sentimentality, (*soft sawder* of a new quality,) which we like less than his sarcastic humor. Perhaps—and the phenomenon may be noted as distinctive—no professedly comic writer has ever wholly escaped like temptations; seeing that the mirthful and the pathetic own one and the same source in a superior fineness of sensibility. How far the success has been as universal as the attempt, is entirely another question, the discussion of which would be out of place, when the public is wanting to hear the Clockmaker turned Diplomatist, holding forth on our behavior, institutions, and such delicate subjects.

As early as his eighth page, the incomparable Sam treats us to a reading of the civility of our high civilization, well worth pondering, and in any case very droll. The scene is the Liners' Hotel at Liverpool, in the corner of which "sat or stood the barmaid, for the purpose of receiving and communicating orders:"—

"Look at that gall," said Mr. Slick, "aint she a smasher! What a tall, well-made, handsome piece of furniture she is, aint she? Look at her hair, aint it neat? and her clothes fit so well, and are so nice, and her cap so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good-natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She is a whole team and a horse to spare, that gall,—that's a fact. I go and call for two or three glasses of brandy-cocktail more than I want every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She always says, 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' 'Somethin',' says I, 'that I can't have,' lookin' at her pretty mouth about the wickedest; well, she laughs, for she knows what I mean, and says, 'P'raps you will have a glass of bitters, sir?' and she goes and gets it. Well, this goes on three or four times a day, every time the identical same tune, only with variations. About an hour afore you come in I was there agin. 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' says she agin, laughin'. 'Somethin' I can't get,' says I, a laughin' too, and a smackin' of my lips, and a lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney. 'You can't tell that till you try,' says she; 'but you can have your bitters at any rate,' and she drew a glass and gave it to me. It taint so bad, that, is it? Well, now she has seed you before, and knows you very well; go to her and see how nicely she will courtshy, how pretty she will smile, and how ladylike she will say, 'How do you do, sir? I hope you are quite well, sir; have you just arrived?—Here chambermaid, show this gentleman to No. 200.—Sorry, sir, we are

so full, but to-morrow we will move you into a better room.—Thomas, take up this gentleman's luggage;' and then she'd courtshy agin, and smile handsome. Don't that look well, now? do you want anything better nor that, eh? if you do you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a bit, don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry: think afore you speak: go there agin—set her a smilin' once more, and look close. It's only skin deep—just on the surface, like a cat's paw on the water, it's nothin' but a rimple like, and no more; then look closer still and you will deseare the color of it. I see you laugh at the color of a smile, but still watch and you'll see it. Look now, don't you see the color of the shilling there, it's white, and cold, and silvery,—it's a *bought smile*, and a bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it. There is no natur'—it's a cheat—it's a pretty cheat—it don't ryle you none, but still it's a cheat. It's like whipt cream; open your mouth wide, take it all in, and shut your lips down on it tight, and it's nothin'—it's only a mouthful of moonshine; yes, it's a pretty cheat, that's a fact. This aint confined to the women nother. Petticoats have smiles and courtshys, and the trowsers bows and scrapes and my-lords for you, there aint no great difference that way; so send for the landlord. 'Lardner,' says you, 'Sir,' says he, and he makes you a cold, low, deep, formal bow, as much as to say, 'Speak, lord, for thy sarvant is a dog.' 'I want to go to church to-morrow,' says you; 'what church do you recommend?' Well, he eyes you all over, careful, afore he answers, so as not to bark up a wrong tree. He sees you are from t'other side of the water; he guesses, therefore, you can't be a churchman, and must be a radical: and them that calculate that way miss a figure as often as not, I can tell you. So he takes his cue to please you. 'St. Luke's, sir, is a fine church, and plenty of room; for there aint no congregation; M'Neil's church has no congregation, nother; in a manner you can only call it a well-dressed mob,—but it has no room; for folks go there to hear politics.' 'Why, what is he?' says you. 'Oh, a churchman,' says he, with a long face as if he was the devil. 'No, says you, 'I don't mean that; but what is his politics?' 'Oh, sir, I am sorry to say, violent—' 'Yes; but what are they?' 'Oh,' says he, lookin' awful shocked, 'tory, sir.' 'Oh, then,' says you, 'he's just the boy that will suit me, for I am tory too, to the backbone.' Lardner seems wharble-cropt, scratches his head, looks as if he was delivered of a mistake, bows, and walks off, a sayin' to himself—'Well, if that don't pass, I swear; who'd a thought that cursed long-backed, long-necked, punkin-headed colonist was a churchman and a tory!'"

Chapter the second, on boarding schools, shows Mr. Slick on the side of Mr. Hood, whose "Schoolmistress Abroad," it may be recollected, was also devoted to the development of the modern systems of female education. By the way, it is no small proof of the universal interest which the great question is exciting, that even the Clockmaker cannot pass the province of tight waists, routine lessons, and meagre learning, without throwing a "smasher" over its perfectly-properly kept boundaries. That his own education has

not been such as to extinguish the better qualities of heart as well as of head, he shortly afterwards gives us a signal proof. It appears that his triumphant boastings of his success in old England, written to sister Sal, with other mysterious encouragements, have led to a determination on the part of the head of the Slicks to follow his son across the Atlantic. The news is more surprising than agreeable:—

"But, heavens and airth," says he, "what shall I do with father? I warn't broughten up to it myself, and if I hadn't a been as soople as moose wood, I could n't have gotten the ins and outs of high life as I have. As it was, I most gi'n it up as a bad job; but now I guess I am as well dressed a man as any you see, use a silver fork as if it was nothing but wood, wine with folks as easy as the best on 'em, and am as free and easy as if I was to home. It's ginirally allowed I go the whole figure, and do the thing genteel. But father, airth and seas! he never see nothin' but Slickville, for Bunkerhill only lasted one night and a piece of next day, and continental troops warn't like Broadway or west-end folks, I tell you. Then he's considerable hard of heerin', and you have to yell a thing out as loud as a training-gun afore he can understand it. He swears, too, enough for a whole court-house when he's mad. He larnt that in the old war, it was the fashion then, and he's one o' them that won't alter nothin'. But that aint the worst nother, he has some of them countryfied ways that ryle the Britishers so much. He chaws tobaccy like a turkey, smokes all day long, and puts his legs on the table, and spits like an engine. Even to Slickville, these revolutionary heroes was always reckoned behind the age; but in the great world, like New York, or London, or Paris, where folks go a-head in manners as well as everything else, why it wont go down no longer. I'm a peaceable man when I'm good-natured, but I'm ugly enough when I'm ryled, I tell you. Now folks will stuboy father, and set him on, to make him let out jist for a laugh, and if they do, I'm into them as sure as rates. I'll clear the room, I'll be switched if I don't. No man shall insult father, and me standin' by, without catching it, I know. For old, deaf, and rough as he is, he is father, and that is a large word when it's spelt right.—Yes, let me see the man that will run a rigg on him, and by the Tarnal!"—

The reader who recollects how rough a diamond our friend was on our first meeting with him, may be curious to hear how it was he got polished in so short a space of time. And Sam—conversing always, be it recollected, in the fashion of the *aside*, the soliloquy of the stage—has no objection in the world to satisfy so natural a curiosity:—

"There is a change in the fashion here, Squire," said he; "black stocks aint the go no longer for full dress and white ones aint quite up to the notch nother; to my mind they are a leetle sarventy. A man of fashion must mind his 'eye' always. I guess I'll send and get some white muslins, but then the difficulty is to tie them neat. Perhaps nothin' in natur' is so difficult as to tie a white cravat so as not to rumfoozle it or sile it. It requires quite a sleight of hand,

that's a fact. I used to get our beautiful little chamber-help to do it when I first come, for women's fingers aint all thumbs like men's; but the angeliferous dear was too short to reach up easy, so I had to stand her on the foot-stool, and that was so tottlish I had to put one hand on one side of her waist, and one on t'other, to steady her like, and that used to set her little heart a beatin' like a drum, and kinder agitated her, and it made me feel sort of all overish too, so we had to giun it up, for it took too long; we never could tie the knot under half an hour. But then, practice makes perfect, and that's a fact. If a feller 'minds his eye' he will soon catch the knack, for the eye must never be let go asleep, except in bed. Lord, it's in little things a man of fashion is seen in! Now how many ways there be of eatin' an orange. First, there's my way when I'm alone; take a bite out, suck the juice, tear off a piece of the hide and eat it for digestion, and role up the rest into a ball and give it a shy into the street; or if other folks is by, jist take a knife and cut it into pieces; or, if gals is present, strip him down to his waist, leavin' his outer garment hanging gracefull over his hips, and his upper man standin' in his beautiful shirt; or else quartern him, with hands off, neat, scientific, and workmanlike; or, if it's forbidden fruit's to be carved, why learin' him with silver forks into good sizeable pieces for helpin'. All this is larnt by *mindin' your eye*. And now, Squire, let me tell you, for nothin' 'scapes me a'most, tho' I say it, that should n't say it, but still it taint no vanity in me to say that nothin' never escapes me. *I mind my eye*. And now let me tell you there aint no maxim in natur' hardly equal to that one. Folks may go crackin' and braggin' of their knowledge of Phisionomy, or their skill in Phrenology, but it's all moonshine. A feller can put on any phiz he likes and deceive the devil himself; and as for a knowledge of bumps, why natur' never intended them for signs, or she would n't have covered 'em all over with hair, and put them out of sight. Who the plague will let you be puttin' your fingers under their hair, and be a fozzlin' of their heads? If it's a man, why he'll knock you down, and if it's a gal, she will look to her brother, as much as to say, if this sassy feller goes a feelin' of my bumps, I wish you would let your foot feel a bump of his'n, that will teach him better manners, that's all. No, it's 'all in my eye'. You must look there for it. Well, then, some fellers, and especially painters, go a ravin' and a pratin' about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, and such stuff; and others are for everlastingly a lecturin' about the nose, the expression of the nose, the character of the nose, and so on, jist as if the nose was anything else but a speakin' trumpet that a sneeze blows thro', and the snuffles give the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute; I would n't give a piece of tobaccy for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good: nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue. But the eye is the boy for me; there's no mistake there; study that well, and you will read any man's heart, as plain as a book. 'Mind your eye' is the maxim you may depend, either with man or woman. Now I will explain this to you, and give you a rule, with examples, as minister used to say to night school, that's worth knowin' I can tell you. 'Mind your eye' is the rule; now for the examples. Furst, let's take men, and then women.



Now, Squire, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur'. It runs from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast, it can't be compared to nothin' but iled lightening. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into a car, and offs like wink to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand as bright as an Argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off. Look, therefore, to the eye, if there aint no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that hitch; there aint no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. It taint every one that knows this, but as I said before, nothin' never 'scapes me, and I have proved it over and over agin. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur'; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so your enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but *the eye, never*. And yet there are all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; a true eye, and a false eye; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a maneuvering eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye; a squintin' eye and the evil eye; and, above all, the dear little lovin' eye, and so forth. They must be studied to be larnt, but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye. Now what do you think of that statesman that you met to dinner yesterday, that stuck to you like a burr to a sheep's tail, a-takin' such an interest in your books and in colony governments and colonists as sweet as sugar-candy? What did you think of him, eh?"

Here is matter for *Ayoyos*, or the other gentlemen who teach the art of knowing the world and behaving genteelly in twelve lessons (no entrance required!) And here follows a new commentary on the much-talked-of self-assertion of the Americans,—which we give, not so much for the sake of the universal truth it contains, as for the brilliancy of the illustration,—a *Slick* pearl of the first water:—

"'Tell you what it is, minister,' said Mr. Slick, 'I am not the fool you take me to be. I deny the charge. I don't boast a bit more nor any foreigner, in fact, I don't think I boast at all. Hear old Bull here, every day, talkin' about the low Irish, the poor, mean, proud Scotch, the Yankee fellers, the horrid foreigners, the 'nothin' but a colonist,' and so on. He asks me out to entertain me, and then sings 'Britannia rules the waves.' My old grandmother used to rule a copy book, and I wrote on it. I guess the British 'rule the waves,' and we write victory, on it. Then hear that noisy, splutterin' critter, Bull-Frog. He talks you dead about the Grand Nation, the beautiful France, and the capitol of the world,—Paris. What do I do? why I only say, 'our great, almighty republic is the toploftiest nation atween the Poles.' That aint boastin', nor crackin', nor nothin' of the sort. It's only just a fact, like—all men must die—or any other truth. Oh, catch me a-boastin'! I know a trick worth two of that. It aint pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, I can tell you. It reminds me," said he (for he could never talk for five minutes without an illustration,) 'it reminds me of what happened to queen's father in Nova

Scotia, Prince Edward as they called him then. 'Oncet upon a time he was travellin' on the Great Western road, and most of the rivers, those days, had ferry-boats and no bridges. So his trumpeter was sent afore him to 'nounce his comin', with a great French horn, to the ferryman who lived on t'other side of the water. Well, his trumpeter was a Jarman, and did n't speak a word of English. Most all that family was very fond of Jarmans, they settle them everywhere a'most. When he came to the ferry, the magistrates, and nobbs, and big bugs of the county were all drawn up in state, waitin' for prince. In those days abusin' and insultin' a governor, kickin' up shindy in a province, and playin' the devil there, warn't no recommendation in Downin'-street. Colonists had n't got their eyes open then, and at that time there was no school for the blind. It was Pullet Thomson taught them to read. Poor critturs! they did n't know no better then, so out they all goes to meet king's son, and pay their respects, and when Kissinkirk came to the bank, and they seed him all dressed in green, covered with gold-lace, and splendorifeous cocked-hat on, with lace on it, and a great big, old-fashioned brass French-horn, that was rubbed bright enough to put out eyes, a-hangin' over his shoulder, they took him for the prince, for they'd never seed nothin' half so fine afore. The bugle they took for gold, 'cause, in course, a prince would n't wear nothin' but gold, and they thought it was his huntin' horn—and his bein' alone they took for state, 'cause he was too big for any one to ride with. So they all off hats at once to old Kissinkirk, the Jarman trumpeter. Lord, when he seed that, he was bungfundered! 'Thun sie ihren hut an du verdamnter thor,' sais he, which means, in English, 'Put on your hats, your cussed fools.' Well, thay was fairly stumpt. They looked fust at him and bowed, and then at each other; and stared vacant; and then he sais agin, 'Mynheers, damn!' for that was the only English word he knew, and then he stamp't agin, and sais over in Dutch once more to put on their hats; and then called over as many (crooked) Jarman oaths as would reach across the river if they were stretched out strait. 'What in natur' is that?' said one; 'Why, high Dutch,' sais an old man; 'I heerd the Waldecker troops at the evakiation of New York speak it. Don't you know the king's father was a high Dutchman, from Brunswick; in course the prince can't speak English.' 'Well,' sais the other, 'do you know what it means?' 'In course I do,' says loyalist, (and oh if some o' them boys could n't lie, I don't know who could, that's all; by their own accounts it's a wonder how we ever got independence, for them fellers swore they won every battle that was fought,) 'in course I do,' sais he, 'that is,' sais he, 'I used to speak it at Long Island, but that's a long time ago. Yes, I understand a leetle,' sais loyalist. 'His royal highness' excellent majesty sais,—Man the ferry-boat, and let the magistrates row me over the ferry.—It is a beautiful language, is Dutch.' 'So it is,' sais they, 'if one could only understand it,' and off they goes, and spreads out a great roll of home-spun cloth for him to walk on, and they form two lines for him to pass through to the boat. Lord! when he comes to the cloth he stops agin, and stamps like a jackass when the flies tease him, and gives the cloth a kick up, and would n't walk on it, and sais in high Dutch, in a high Jarman voice too, 'You infarnal fools!—you stupid blockheads!—you cussed jackasses!' and a

great deal more of them pretty words, and then walked on. 'Oh dear!' says they, 'only see how he kicks the cloth; that's cause it's home-apun. Oh dear! but what does he say?' says they. Well, loyalist felt stumpt; he knew some screw was loose with the prince by the way he shook his fist, but what he could n't tell; but as he had began to lie he had to go knee deep into it, and push on. 'He sais, he hopes he may die this blessed minit if he wont tell his father, the old king, when he returns to home, how well you have behaved,' sais he, 'and that it's a pity to soil such beautiful cloth.' 'Oh!' sais they, 'was that it! we was afraid somethin' or another had gone wrong; come, let's give three cheers for the prince's most excellent majesty,' and they made the woods and the river ring again. Oh, how mad Kissinkirk was! he expected the prince would tie him up and give him five hundred lashes for his impudence in representin' of him. Oh! he was ready to bust with rage and vexation. He darsn't strike any one, or he would have given 'em a slap with the horn in a moment, he was so wrathly. So what does he do, as they was holdin' the boat, but ups trumpet and blew a blast in the Custos' ear, all of a sudden, that left him hard of hearin' on that side for a month; and he sais in high Dutch, 'Tunder and blitzen! Take that, you old fool; I wish I could blow you into the river.' Well, they rowed him over the river, and then formed again two lines, and Kissinkirk passed up atween 'em as sulky as a bear; and then he put his hand in his pocket, and took out somethin', and held it out to Custos, who dropt right down on his knee in a minit, and received it, and it was a fourpenny bit. Then Kissinkirk waved his hand to them to be off quick-stick, and muttered agin somethin' which loyalist said was 'Go across agin and wait for my servants,' which they did. 'Oh!' sais the magistrates to Custos, as they was a-goin' back agin, 'how could you take pay, squire! How could you receive money from prince! Our country is disgraced forever. You have made us feel as mean as Ingians.' 'I would n't have taken it if it had been worth anythin', sais Custos, 'but did n't you see his delicacy; he knowed that too, as well as I did, so he offered me a fourpenny bit, as much as to say, You are above all pay, but accept the smallest thing possible, as a keepsake from king's son.' 'Those were his very words,' sais loyalist; 'I'll swear to 'em, the very identical ones.' 'I thought so,' sais Custos, looking big. 'I hope I know what is due to his majesty's royal highness, and what is due to me, also, as Custos of this country.' And he drew himself up stately, and said nothin', and looked as wise as the owl who had been studyin' a speech for five years, and intended to speak it when he got it by heart. Jist then down comes prince and all his party, gallopin' like mad to the ferry, for he used to ride always as if old Nick was at his heels; jist like a streak of lightnin'. So up goes the Custos to prince, quite free and easy, without so much as touchin' his hat, or givin' him the time o' day. 'What the plague kept you so long!' sais he; 'your master has been waitin' for you this half-hour. Come, bear a hand, the prince is all alone over there.' It was some time afore prince made out what he meant; but when he did, if he did n't let go it's a pity. He almost upst the boat, he larfed so obstroperous. One squall o' larfin' was hardly over afore another come on. Oh, it was a tempestical time, you may depend; and when he'd

got over one fit of it, he'd say, 'Only think of them takin' old Kissinkirk for me!' and he'd larf agin ready to split. Kissinkirk was frightened to death; he did n't know how prince would take it, or what he would do, for he was an awful strict officer; but when he seed him larf so he knowed all was right. Poor old Kissinkirk! the last time I seed him was to Windsor. He lived in a farmhouse there, on charity. He'd larnt a little English, though not much. It was him told me the story; and when he wound it up, he sais, 'It tante always sho shafe, Misther Shlick, to be your own drumpeter;' and I'll tell you what, minister, I am of the same opinion with the old bugler. It is not always safe to be one's own trumpeter, and that's a fact.'

The second volume of these Sibylline leaves is full of odd stories. Are we gravely to believe our author, when he tells us that his hero, and Mr. Clergyman Hopewell, are drawn from life, and that the anecdotes he has wrought up to "point the moral" of his discourse, are facts! Whether romance or reality, the following is very racy:—

"As we sat chatting together late last night, the danger of a fire at sea was talked of, the loss of the Kent Indianan, and the remarkable coolness of Col. M'Grigor on that occasion was discussed, and various anecdotes related of calmness, presence of mind and coolness, under every possible form of peril. 'There is a good deal of embellishment in all these stories,' said Mr. Slick. 'There is always a fact to build a story on, or a peg to hang it on, and this makes it probable; so that the story and its fictions get so mixed up, you can't tell at last what is truth and what is fancy. A good story is never spiled in the tellin', except by a critter that don't know how to tell it. Battles, shipwrecks, highway robberies, blowed-up steamers, vessels a-fire, and so on, lay a foundation as facts. Some people are saved,—that's another fact to build on; some captain, or passenger, or woman haint fainted, and that's enough to make a grand affair of it. You can't hardly believe none of them, that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you a story that happened in a farm-house near to father's, to Slickville, jist a common scene of common life, and no romance about it, that does jist go for to show what I call coolness. Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well, the old Squire, and all his family, was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then, they could keep in their temper, and could be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night, old uncle Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one. Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but jist seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a most an awful whippin'. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend. "Now," says he, "go, sir, and bring a proper backlog." Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was

a chip of the old block, and no mistake ; so out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but, instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head, one day, he'd go to home and see his old father and mother agin, and show them he was alive and kickin', for they did n't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down, and lights lit, and as he passed the keepin' room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an onmarceful whippin'. So what does Gucom do, but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most hugaceous log, (for he had grow'd to be a'most a thunderin' big feller then,) and openin' the door, he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then, lookin' up, says he, "Father, I've brought you in the backlog." Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap ; he could n't believe his eyes, that that great six-footer was the boy he had cowed, and he could n't believe his ears when he heard him call him father ; a man from the grave would n't have surprised him more—he was quite onfakalized, and bedumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was iced down to freezing point in no time, "What did you say?" says he. "That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for." "Well, then, you've been a d——d long time a-fetchin' it," says he ; "that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed." Now, that's a fact, squire ; I know'd the parties myself—and that's what I do call coolness—and no mistake."

While marking for extract this choice illustration of *sang froid*, we recollect something like a parallel anecdote told of a deceased nobleman, on the occasion of the unexpected return home of one of his family, who had for many years been absent in the East Indies. He was at tea when the long-departed broke into the room. "Ha, ———, my boy, is that you?" was his greeting. "*Black or Green?*"

We recommend Mr. Slick's homily on wedding festivities to all whom it may concern. "The Canadian Exile" presses too closely on vexed questions of colonial politics, to suit an unpolitical article like ours ; and the Attaché's views of English watering-places will be more amusing to the general reader. But are not the following pictures applicable to *brunnen* in general, whether by the side of the Alps or the Atlantic?—

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "I like 'em, and I don't like 'em ; kinder sort o' so, and kinder sort o' not so, but more not so nor so. For a lark, such as you and me has had, why, it's well enough ; and it aint bad as a place for seein' character ; but I would n't like to live here, somehow, all the year round. They have but four objects in view here, and them they are for everlastin' a-chasin' arter—health or wealth—life or a wife. It would be fun enough in studyin' the folks, as I have amused myself many a day in doin', only them horrid solemncooly-lookin' people that are struck with death, and yet not dead—totterin',

shakin', tremblin', crawlin', and wheelin' about, with their legs and feet gone, wheezin', coffin', puffin', and blowin', with their bellowses gone—feelin', leadin', stumblin' and tumbelin', with their eyes gone,—or trumpet-eared, roarin', borein', callin' and bawlin', with their hearin' gone,—don't let you think of nothin' else. \* \* Oh, dear ! for a feller like me, that's always travelled all my life as hard as ever I could lick, or a horse like old Clay to carry me, for to come at the eend of the journey to wind up the last stage, with a little four-wheeled wagon, with a man to drag me on the side-path ! What a skary kind o' thought it is, aint it ! Oh, dear ! it's sot one o' my feet asleep already, only a-thinkin' of it—it has, upon my soul ! Let's walk to the seat over there, where I can sit, and kick my heel, for positively, my legs is gittin' numb. I wonder whether palsy is ketchin' ! The sick and the well here ought to have a great caucus meetin', and come to an onderstandin'. Them that's healthy, should say to t'others, Come now, old fellows, let's make a fair division of these places. If you are sick, choose your ground, and you shall have it. Do you want sea-air ? Well, there is Brighton, you shall have it ; it's a horrid stupid place, and just fit for you, and will do your business for you in a month. Do you want inland air ? Well, there is Leamington or Cheltenham—take your choice. Leamington is it ? Well then, you shall have it ; and you may take Herne Bay and Bath into the bargain ; for we want to be liberal, and act kindly to you, seein' you aint well. Now there's four places for you—mind you stick to 'em."

The group described as under, is, perhaps, only to be studied to perfection in a certain English midland county :—

"Well, then, as you must have somebody to amuse you, we will give you into the bargain a parcel of old East Indgy officers, that aint ill and aint well : ripe enough to begin to decay, and most likely are a little too far gone in places. They wont keep good long ; it's likely old Scratch will take 'em sudden some night ; so you shall have these fellows. They lie so like the devil they'll make you stare, that's a fact. If you only promise to let them get on an elephant arter dinner, they'll let you tell about your rumatices, what you're rubbed in, and took in, how 'cute the pain is, and you may grin and make faces to 'em till you are tired ; and tell 'em how you did n't sleep ; and how shockin' active you was once upon a time when you was young ; and describe all about your pills, plaisters and blisters, and everythin'. Well, then, pay 'em for listenin', for it deserves it, by mountin' them for a tiger hunt, and they'll beguile away pain, I know, they will tell such horrid thumpers. Or you can have a boar hunt, or a great serpent hunt, or Suttees, or anythin'. Three lines for a fact, and three volumes for the romance. Airth and seas ! how they lie ! There are two things every feller leaves in the East, his liver and his truth. Few horses can trot as fast as they can invent ; yes, you may have these old 'coons, and then, when you're tied by the leg and can't stir, it will amuse you to see them old sinners lookin' onder gals' bonnets, chuckin' chambermaids onder the chin, and winkin' impudent to the shop-woman, not 'cause it pleases women, for it don't—young heifers can't abide old fellers—but 'cause it pleases themselves to fancy they are young. Never play cards with them, for if they lose, they are horrid



cross and everlastin' sarsy, and you have to swallow it all, for it's cowardly to kick a feller that's got the gout; and if they win, they make too much noise a-larfin', they are so pleased."

Mr. Slick is as wise as Mr. Weller, senior, in discerning the snares which are laid for single and unwary men, by the gentlewomen who flaunt round "the Wells,"—and as pungent as Mr. Weller, junior, in his specimens of the Stiggins and Sawyer species:—

"'Everythin' here is managed to bring folks together. The shop must be made attractive now, or there is no custom. Look at that chap a-comin' along. He is a popular preacher. The turf, club, and ball managers have bribed him; for he preaches agin horse-racin', and dancin', and dress, and musick, and parties, and gaities, with all his might and main: calls the course the devil's common, and the assembly-room old Nick's levee. Well, he preaches so violent, and raves so like mad agin 'em, it sets all the young folks crazy to go arter this forbidden fruit, right off the reel, and induces old folks to fetch their gals where such good doctrine is taught. There is no trick of modern times equal to it. It's actilly the makin' of the town. Then it jist suits all old gals that have given up the flash line and gay line, as their lines got no bites to their hooks all the time they fished with them, and have taken to the serious line, and are anglin' arter good men, pious men, and stupid men, that fancy bein' stupid is bein' righteous. So all these vinegar cruits get on the side-board together, cut out red flannel for the poor, and caps for old women, and baby-clothes for little children; and who go with the good man in their angel visits to the needy, till they praise each other's goodness so, they think two such lumps of goodness, if j'ined, would make a'most a beautiful large almighty lump of it, and they marry. Ah! here comes t'other feller. There is the popular doctor. What a dear man *he* is!—the old like him and the young like him; the good like him, and the not so gooder like him; the well like him and the ill like him, and everybody likes him. *He never lost a patient yet.* Lots of 'em have died, but then they came there on purpose to die: they were done for in London, and sent to him to put out of pain; but he never lost one, since he was knee-high to a goose. He onderstands delicate young gals' complaints most beautiful that aint well, and are brought here for the waters. He knows nothin' is the matter of 'em but the 'visitin' fever;' but he don't let on to nobody, and don't pretend to know; so he tells Ma' she must not thwart her dear gal: she is narvous, and won't bear contradiction—she must be amused, and have her own way. He prescribes a dose every other night of two pills, made of one grain of flour, two grains of sugar, and five drops of water, a-goin' to bed; and—that it's so prepared she can't take cold arter it, for there aint one bit of horrid mercury in it. Then he whispers to Miss, 'dancin' is good exercise; spirits must be kept up by company. All nater is cheerful; why should n't young gals be! Canary birds and young ladies were never made for cages: tho' fools make cages for them sometimes.' The gal is delighted and better, and the mother is contented and happy. They both recommend the doctor, who charges cussed high, and so he ought; he made

a cure, and he is paid with great pleasure. There is another lady, a widder, ill, that sends for him. He sees what she wants with half an eye, he is so used to symptoms. She wants gossip. 'Who is Mr. Adam?' sais she. 'Is he of the family of old Adam, or of the new family of Adam, that live to Manchester?' 'Oh, yes! the family is older than sin, and as rich too,' said he. 'Who is that lady he walked with yesterday?' 'Oh! *she* is married,' sais doctor. Widder is better directly. 'The sight of you, dear doctor, has done me good; it has revived my spirits; do call agin.' 'It's all on the narves, my dear widder,' sais he. 'Take two of these bread and sugar pills, you will be all right in a day or two; and, before goin' into company, take a table spoonful of this mixture. It's a new exhilaratin' sedative' (which means it's a dram of perfumed spirits.) 'Oh! you will feel as charmin' as you look.' Widder takes the mixture that evenin', and is so brilliant in her talk, and so sparklin' in her eyes, old Adam is in love with her, and is in a fair way to have his flint fixed by this innocent Eve of a widder."

After his Tartuffe and Sangrado, he treats us to that *pièce de resistance* of most pathos-makers, the Consumptive Young Lady. The introduction of such figures seems to us a little out of taste. Mr. Slick deals with his subject gently, but it is the species, not the specimen, to which we object. Let us, on the other hand, recommend a daguerreotype portrait, to those who are fond of singing "The fine old English Gentleman":—

"As we were sitting on one of the benches in the park at Richmond to-day, a liveried servant passed us with an air of self-possession and importance that indicated the easy dependence of his condition, and the rank or affluence of his master. 'That,' said Mr. Slick, 'is what I call "a rael English gentleman," now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn-laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, run-away lawyers, smashed-down tenants, nor nothin'. The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him, 'cause his father and grandfather lived with *his* father and grandfather; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is their plaguy handsome, free and easy feller, (and women always like handsum men, and impudent men, though they vow they don't; and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk. His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords; he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There aint much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour of Europe, so does he. His master makes all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he don't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the bar-maid, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for his good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has larned where the Alps is, and which side of them

Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rogers and Byron. He d—ns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house, he calls it our castle; his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to use the plural: kings always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England too. The servants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and he is plaguy jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn. 'I can't do it, sir; I could n't stand it, I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin' coachman.' The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values magna charta, and says, 'Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it.' If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, busts his bondage, and falls trailin' on the ground, he says, 'John, you have nothin' to do, it would n't hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself, I am not above it.' 'Ah! it may do for you, sir; you can do it if you like, but I can't; I should lose caste, I should be called the gardener's coachman.' 'Well, well! you are a blockhead; never mind.'"

Add to these a few pithy words on English wealth and luxury, a sort of "*Vale*" from the Clockmaker, who, finding that the glory of lionism is "fickle and vain," resolves to take a hint while there is yet time; retreats from London ere he is bowed out—retrenches the superfluous hair from his face, parts company with gold chains and smart cravats, and sets sail for the New World, brisk in the hopes of driving a clock trade with China. It is by mistake we think, or at least out of carelessness, that the following strictures are put into the mouth not of Sam, but of Sam's foolish father.—

"'Well I don't know,' said the colonel, 'it is a great country in one sense, but then it aint in another. It might be great so far as riches go, but then in size it aint bigger than New York state arther all. It's nothin' a'most on the map. In fact, I doubt it bein' so rich as some folks brag on. Tell you what, "wilful waste makes woful want." There's a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be Thanksgivin' day, nor Independence day nother. "All play and no work will soon fetch a noble to ninnepence, and make bread timber short," I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple sauce, and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin', and cardin', and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts, or darns their stockin's? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mis-

chief when she had nothin' to do; and I guess some o' them flantin' birds, if they was follered and well watched, would be found a-scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. \* \* \* Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their masters; why, they never do nothin', but help make a show. They don't work, and they could n't if they would, it would spile their clothes so. What on airth would be the valy of a thousand such critters on a farm?—Lord! I'd like to stick a pitchfork in one o' them rascal's hands, and set him to load an ox-cart—what a proper lookin' fool he'd be, would n't he. It can't last—it don't stand to reason and common sense. And then, arter all, they hante got no Indgin corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin pies, nor quinces, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummakin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots has more iron on 'em than the horses' hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was.'"

Must we here say good-bye to Sam Slick? Let us take, then, a long look at him from head to heel, ere we put him on board the liner. He deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the Shepherd of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and other rhapsodical discoursers on time and change, who, besides the delights of their discourse, possess also the charm of individuality. Apart from all the worth of Sam Slick's revelations, the man is precious to us as a queer creature—knowing, impudent, sensible sagacious, vulgar, yet not without a certain tact:—and overflowing with a humor as peculiar in its way, as the humors of Andrew Fairservice or Protestant Miss Miggs, (that impersonation of shrewish female service!) We dare hardly hope for another such figure from the author's portfolio, but are glad to see that though he has done with Sam, he promises us sketches and recollections of colonial life. Dry they cannot—heartless, we are sure they will not be; and, we trust, not much exaggerated. But the farce with which, as well as the fun, the Squire has spiced his seven volumes, will not be laid aside, it is to be feared, without some difficulty.

By late advices from Havana, we have the gratifying intelligence that the captain-general has issued a proclamation, notifying that, on and after the 1st January next, *all vessels, under whatever flag, arriving at any of the ports of Cuba with slaves, will be confiscated.* By all accounts both from Cuba and the old country, never was the captain-general in greater favor than he is at present; while the promptitude with which he put down the late attempt at insurrection has been made the theme of praise among men of all parties.—*Jamaica Times.*



From Hood's Magazine.

## A LOUNGE IN THE LANDES.

THE TOWN OF DAX. ITS ORIGIN. BOILING SPRINGS. DEZELOUZ, THE BRIGAND OF THE LANDES.

THE traveller who, leaving Bordeaux, proceeds southwards in the direction of the Lower Pyrenees, cannot fail to be struck by the singular change that takes place in the appearance of the country, within a few miles of the above-named city. The vine-clad slopes and plains of the department of the Gironde are replaced by immense tracts of sand, the sole vegetation of which consists in large forests of pine trees. Not a blade of grass varies the wearisome monotony of this sandy desert; only, here and there, a few wild pinks rear their meagre stalks and pale rose-colored flowers above the arid surface. Towns there are none; few villages, unless an occasional collection of hovels inhabited by basket-makers and wood-cutters may be deemed worthy of the name. The scanty inhabitants of the district stride about, elevated on their tall stilts, and are compelled to make long and frequent journeys to procure themselves the barest necessities of life. It is only towards the southern and south-eastern limits of the extensive but thinly-populated department to which these Landes give their name, that the soil begins to change its nature, and produce something besides timber and turpentine; the country assimilating itself, in some degree, to the fertile and beautiful district of the Lower Pyrenees. One of the first towns that are met with on emerging from the plains of sand is that of Dax, which contains about six thousand inhabitants, and is remarkable for three things—the beauty of its women, its mineral springs, and the curious old legend connected with its origin.

The origin of Dax was as follows:—At some period of the Christian era, of which the exact date has unfortunately not been preserved, that very estimable saint, Vincent, had descended upon the earth, and was taking a stroll within a short distance of the place where Dax now stands, when he encountered a well-clad personage, of sinister aspect, whom he, with true saintly penetration, at once recognized as the great enemy of mankind—Sathanas, in *propria personâ*. The saint might probably have passed on, without deigning to notice so unseemly a companion, had not his attention been attracted by an object that the father of evil carried in his hand. This was a stone—no small pebble, nor even a paving-stone, but a solid block of granite, full three feet in length, and of breadth and thickness proportionate. The saint asked him of the horns and tail whither he was betaking himself.

"Yonder," was the reply of Satan, who pointed with his crooked forefinger across some half dozen fields to a pleasant nook upon the banks of the river Adour.

"And what are you going to do with that stone?"

"To build a town," answered the demon; "a town that shall be mine, dwelt in by my friends, and ruled by my ordinances."

"All that will be," replied the saint, "*s'il plait à Dieu*—if God pleases."

At the word, Satan dropped the stone, and fled howling from the spot. The mass of rock still lies where he left it, split in the middle by the fall, and goes by the name of the *Pierre du Diable*, or in patois, of the *Perrelounque*, or long stone.

St. Vincent, it appears, was not too proud to take a hint, however objectionable the source whence it proceeded; and, on viewing the spot that had been pointed out to him, he was obliged to confess that his satanic majesty was not wanting in judgment, and that few sites could be better chosen for the erection of a town than that sunny piece of land upon the banks of the Adour. At his suggestion, therefore, a town was built; and it was doubtless only the founder's modesty that prevented its receiving his name instead of the monosyllable of small grace and obscure etymology by which it is actually distinguished. The saint contented himself with the principal street, which is still called after him; while St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Francis, and other equally celebrated persons, were induced to stand sponsors to the remaining streets and lanes composing the town of Dax. A town that was under such saintly patronage could scarcely fail to become a favorite resort of the pious; moreover, the climate was mild and agreeable, the neighboring country fruitful and fair to look upon, and accordingly monks, nuns, and friars, "white spirits and black, blue spirits and grey," of every order and degree, flocked thither; and at the present day there is scarcely a house of any size or antiquity in Dax that was not originally occupied by a religious community.

It was doubtless owing to the prayers and pious exercises of all these brotherhoods and sisterhoods that Dax increased in wealth and importance, and in the comeliness of its inhabitants, and that it is now a flourishing town, noted as possessing the handsomest race of women in the whole province. What the Arlesiennes, who claim a direct descent from the Juno-like matrons of ancient Rome, are in Provence, the Dacoises are in Bearn and Gascony, tall, well-made, graceful creatures, with Italian symmetry of feature, and the large dark eyes of Spain. Their personal beauty, however, is in some measure counterbalanced by a sad defect; they are most unconscionably stupid, and the unflattering proverb\* that was originally made for the inhabitants of Champagne is not uncommonly applied to the women of Dax, and of the neighboring district of the Marençin.

The natural phenomena to be observed at Dax are in the highest degree curious, consisting of boiling springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals, and of fountains of hot mud, some of which rise in the very centre of the river and are dangerous to bathers, who are warned by notices posted on the banks. More than once it has happened that strangers swimming in the Adour found themselves suddenly scalded and half suffocated by the boiling mud that rose around them, and from which they did not escape without considerable difficulty and suffering. Baths of this mud prove highly beneficial in various diseases. The springs of boiling water are in the centre of the town, in the Place Pouyan; upon entering which one is surprised to find it filled with a steam, such as might proceed from fifty washerwomen's coppers. This steam arises from a pool some sixty yards square, which is kept full during the whole of the day by the hot sulphurous springs that bubble up, the superfluous water being let off by pipes. When evening comes, the flow grows gradually weaker, until, at midnight, the basin is nearly empty. At three in the morning it begins to fill again, and at six it is

\* *Quatre-vingt dix-neuf moutons et un Champenois font cent bêtes.*



fall; and so it continues the year round, without its having been as yet possible to discover the cause of this singular phenomenon. The water is of boiling heat, excellent for washing linen, but useless for all culinary purposes. It scalds the fingers that are dipped in it, but will not cook meat or vegetables, or even harden an egg.

Until the beginning of the present century this large basin was uninclosed, save by the houses that surround it, some of which are so close to the water as to leave no room for a path in front of them. About that period, however, several suicides were committed by persons throwing themselves into the boiling pool; and at last one beautiful girl of eighteen, under the influence of some violent sorrow, precipitated herself into the water at noon-day from the upper story of an adjacent house. It was impossible to save her, and it was only at night, when the springs receded, that her body was found, reduced almost to shreds by the action of the boiling element. The horror caused by this incident was so great, that watchers were immediately stationed round the pool, to guard, as far as possible, against the recurrence of such a catastrophe; and as soon as permission could be obtained from the proper quarter, a strong iron railing, exceeding in height the neighboring houses, was erected, and still remains around the spring. Several lions' heads protrude themselves through this palisade, and supply the town's people with the water.

The wild country and extensive fine forests of the Landes have afforded shelter even within the last twenty years to bands of robbers and outlaws, living by depredations committed on the highway, and occasionally emerging from their barren retreats into more fertile districts, to plunder the dwelling of a farmer or country gentleman. The improved state of French roads, the increase of traffic and travelling, and the greater vigilance of the gendarmerie, have of late rendered these offences of rare occurrence; and the last band that made itself anything like a reputation in the department was that of a certain Dezelouz, whose career was brought to an abrupt termination in the autumn of the year 1829. He was the son of respectable parents at Dax, and at the usual age was taken as a soldier by the conscription, but had not been more than two years with his regiment when he was tried by a court-martial for striking a sergeant, and condemned to death. His sentence was commuted to ten years hard labor, with a bullet chained to his ankle. At the expiration of that time he was released, but he was of a violent and reckless character, and soon relapsed into crime. He was found poaching on the grounds of Baron d'Estival, a country gentleman residing near Dax, and only escaped being taken by shooting one of the keepers. This keeper was a foster-brother of the baron's, and the latter caused the most active researches to be made after the murderer; but Dezelouz, who knew the fate that awaited him if taken, fled into the Landes, got together a few bad characters, escaped convicts and others, and, by his activity and knowledge of the country, managed to elude pursuit for nearly two years, during which time several murders and innumerable robberies were laid to his charge. In addition to the difficulty of tracing him in a wild and thinly-peopled country, the long impunity enjoyed by Dezelouz was attributable to his treatment of the peasantry. He had sufficient judgment to abstain from molesting them, and was

even known on more than one occasion to give alms and assistance to the poorer amongst them. They had consequently small inducement to betray him, or to contribute in any way to his apprehension.

On a summer night of the year 1829, five or six persons were assembled round a table in the Café Herbet, upon what was formerly the rampart, but is now the favorite public walk at Dax. The day had been sultry, and at sunset the Dacois had flocked to the promenade to enjoy the cool evening breeze, and listen to the band of a marching regiment that had halted for the night in the town. The music had ceased, and the promenade was in great measure deserted in favor of the various cafés, inside and in front of which numerous groups were seated refreshing themselves, and inhaling the perfumes that the night wind brought over from the fields and gardens surrounding the town. A few officers were still strolling up and down, their epaulets glancing as they passed beneath the lamps that were sparingly distributed over the rampart, while here and there, under the rows of plane trees, groups of peasants and artisans were collected, reposing from the fatigues of the day, or singing some of the popular verses of Jasmin, the barber-poet of Gascony.\*

The party assembled in the Café Herbet consisted of three or four Dax merchants, of Baron d'Estival, and another country gentleman of the vicinity. Their conversation ran upon a robbery recently committed by the notorious Dezelouz; and D'Estival expressed himself in terms of strong indignation concerning the inefficiency of a police that could not succeed in putting a stop to the crimes of that bandit and his companions.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that in a country where armies of gendarmes and police agents are maintained at the public expense, a villain like this Dezelouz should be allowed to prey upon the community, to break into our houses, and

\* The town of Agen, situated between Bordeaux and Toulouse, in what was formerly the province of Gascony, reckons among its inhabitants a poet greatly esteemed in France, although, owing to the language in which he writes, he is not likely to become much known out of that country. He is a barber, of the name of Jasmin, who, while diligently plying comb and razor, has found leisure to cultivate the muse, and produce a number of poems in Gascon French that are remarkable for their beauty and feeling. He has been frequently urged to abandon his trade, and take up his residence in Paris, but he prefers his present humble mode of life, under the sunny sky of his native province, to the struggles and perhaps heart-burnings he would have to encounter in the capital. His verses to Monsieur Dumont, of the French Academy, whose fellow-townsmen he is, in reply to an invitation of this nature, might rank with some of Burns' for their arch simplicity of style. About three years ago he paid a visit to Paris, where he was fêted on all hands, and had interviews with the king and royal family, who made him some handsome presents. An attempt was made by his friends to procure him the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but it was unsuccessful, his occupation, as it was reported at the time, being deemed an obstacle. In these days, however, when the *Etoile des Braves* is so lavishly bestowed, and nearly every fourth Frenchman, with a decent coat on his back, sports a red riband in its button-hole, it would scarcely be unreasonable to suppose, that amongst the multitude of decorated, there are some barbers—or worse. Instead of the cross, Jasmin received a pension of a thousand francs a year. During his stay in Paris he was the lion of soirées and public dinners, the courted and sought after of literary societies. But all this homage was insufficient to turn his head; and after two or three weeks, *lou coiffur Jasmin* returned contentedly to his soap-box.

render our highways unsafe? But I forget, the police is far more occupied in prying into the affairs of peaceable citizens, than in capturing criminals or preserving the public security."

Monsieur d'Estival had served in his youth under Napoleon, and had the reputation of not being particularly well affected to the existing order of things. No one present thought it advisable to reply to his observation, or to say anything that might be construed into acquiescence in his opinions. There was a short pause, which D'Estival was the first to break.

"I have already," said he, "proposed to some of my neighbors to join with me in hunting down this bandit, but they appear little disposed to fag their horses, and expose themselves in an enterprise of the sort. It would be an excellent lesson for the police if a handful of volunteers were to succeed in what all the gendarmes of the department have been unable to effect. I am not rich, but I would willingly give a hundred Louis to the man who would put me in the way of capturing Dezélouz. Nay, I would give that sum merely to be placed for one instant face to face with the murderer of my poor foster-brother."

"The reward is a large one, Monsieur d'Estival, and might tempt many," said a man sitting at a table near that occupied by the baron and his party, and who had overheard their conversation.

"It should nevertheless be paid," said D'Estival, "without a denier's abatement, to him who would bring me within pistol shot of the ruffian."

The person to whom the baron addressed this assurance was a man of about thirty-five years of age, who, to judge from his garb, might be a farmer or one of the richer class of peasants. There was nothing, however, of peasant-like heaviness in his features, which were thin and sharp; his eyes were quick and shifting in their expression, while his compressed lips, and the lines around his mouth, indicated a firm and resolute character. He wore a small black moustache, that contrasted with the color of his hair, which was of a reddish hue, and, in conformity with the custom of the peasants of the province, was allowed to hang in long tangled locks over the collar of his jacket. A broad-leaved felt hat covered his head.

"A hundred Louis d'or!" said the man musingly: "it would be worth trying for."

"It should be punctually paid," said the baron, gazing with some curiosity at his interlocutor, who, while speaking, had risen from his seat and changed his position so as to bring himself between D'Estival and the open door of the café—"punctually and exactly paid."

"I will claim it within the month," said the man, raising his hand to his head, and by a sudden jerk removing at once the hat and tawny wig that he wore. "Baron d'Estival, Jerome Dezélouz wishes you a good evening."

The next instant the daring bandit had sprung out of the café, across the rampart, and thrown himself off the latter, a height of some twelve or fifteen feet, into the field below. Almost before the baron and his companions had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment to give the alarm, he was seen to plunge into the wood called the Braou, which extends close up to that side of Dax, and stretches away for a considerable distance along the banks of the river. Had there

been a whole regiment formed up and in readiness to commence an immediate pursuit, his escape would still have been almost certain, favored as he was by the darkness and by his knowledge of the intricacies of the forest and adjacent country.

The following day nothing was talked of at Dax but this new feat of Dezélouz. Many persons were of opinion that in conformity with his promise he would pay Monsieur d'Estival a visit before the month was out, and claim the reward which he had gained according to the letter, although not according to the spirit of the baron's words; and as he was not likely to make such a visit unaccompanied by the means of enforcing his demand, the baron was advised by his friends to apply to the authorities and have two or three gendarmes quartered in his house, or at any rate to augment the number of his servants, look to his arms, and be upon his guard. D'Estival did not think it necessary to comply with all these recommendations. His house was one of those old-fashioned châteaux of which a few still exist in France, and of sufficient strength, as he thought, to stand any siege that Dezélouz and his band could lay to it. It was a stone building forming three sides of a square, the fourth side being closed by a lofty iron paling of great strength and with chevaux-de-frise of formidable aspect at the top. This paling had been substituted by the baron's father for a massive wall that formerly stood there, but which had been dilapidated during the struggles of the Revolution. Although less efficient as a defence than the stone parapet it replaced, it was in other respects a great improvement, inasmuch as it did not preclude the view from the lower windows of the château of the beautifully-wooded park that surrounded the mansion. On the outer side of the building there were no windows upon the ground-floor, and those of the first story, which were at an elevation of nearly twenty feet from the ground, were guarded by strong iron bars, that gave the house, when viewed from behind, rather a prison-like appearance.

Confident, then, in the defences of his dwelling, Monsieur d'Estival took few unusual precautions. He was a widower, and his establishment consisted of himself and his two children, boys of nine and ten years of age, a couple of female servants and two men, one of whom was his valet de chambre, while the other looked after the baron's horse, worked in the garden, and went on messages into the town. The garde chasse, who inhabited a cottage situated at the further extremity of the park, was desired to keep a good look out, and inform his master immediately should he perceive any suspicious-looking persons prowling near the house or grounds. In addition to this precaution, the baron looked to his fire-arms, saw that they were in serviceable order, and directed his servants to be particular in making fast the house door and the gate of the court every evening before dusk. These measures taken, he considered he had done all that was needful for his security and that of his household.

Nearly a month had elapsed since the daring apparition of Dezélouz at the Café Herbert. The circumstance had ceased to be matter of conversation, and even those who had most warned the baron to expect an attack were beginning to think he would remain unmolested, when one evening Monsieur d'Estival had occasion to send Cadet, his groom, into Dax to fetch some letters. The man was detained longer than he had expected to



be, and eleven o'clock was chiming out from the church clocks as he left the town to return home. The night was dark, and with the exploits of Dezelouz fresh in his memory, the groom walked hastily along, cursing the chance that had kept him out so late, and sincerely wishing himself in his own stable rather than in the solitary lanes which he had to pass through before reaching it. He was within a quarter of a mile of the château when, on passing a thicket that bordered the road, he was suddenly seized from behind, and before he had time to utter a cry, he was stretched upon the ground with a violence that almost drove the breath out of his body. The next instant a man's knee was upon his breast and a hard hand clutched his throat.

"You are Monsieur d'Estival's servant?" said his assailant, in a low stern voice.

The poor fellow uttered an affirmative as well as the compressed state of his windpipe would allow him.

"You are going home!" continued the man, relaxing his grasp, a little.

"I am so, with a message."

"Silence! Listen to me, and obey my orders. You have with you a key of the court gate—that I know. Upon entering you will leave the gate open. After delivering your message, watch your opportunity to unfasten the house door, so that it can be opened from without. Do you know me?" continued the man, after a moment's pause, during which he seemed to be considering whether he had other directions to give.

"No," replied the terrified servant.

"Dezelouz!" said the bandit, in a tone that, in conjunction with that dreaded name, caused the groom to tremble under the knee of his oppressor.

"Swear by the blessed Virgin," resumed Dezelouz, "to do my bidding, and observe your oath truly, or, *per lou gran nom de Dieu*," added he, in the energetic patois of the province, "before the week is out you are a dead man."

The unlucky groom took the oath required of him: the bandit removed his knee from his breast, and assisted him to rise.

"Let the service required of you be well performed," said Dezelouz, "and you may depend on a large reward. Fail in it, and, wherever you hide, my vengeance shall reach you."

The next instant he had disappeared amongst the trees.

In grievous trepidation did the unfortunate Cadet accomplish the remainder of his walk. He was a simple sort of peasant, and Dezelouz had enlisted in his service the two strongest feelings of his nature, fear and superstition. He had sworn by the Virgin, and his life was forfeited if he failed. Nevertheless, the remembrance of much kindness received from his master made him unwilling to accomplish the treachery required of him; and it would be hard to say how his indecision might have terminated, had he not, when within the park, cast a glance behind him, and distinguished, as he thought, by the faint light of the stars, a figure dogging his steps. This was too much for the nerves of Cadet, causing him, as it did, to foresee the possibility of punishment immediately following the non-execution of the orders he had received. After passing through the gate, therefore, he allowed it to swing heavily to, but did not lock it. The heavy oaken door of the house was opened to him by the valet, who again carefully locked and barred it.

Cadet, although not particularly brave, and a good deal embarrassed by the oath he had taken, was not without a share of Gascon astuteness; and it occurred to him, as he mounted the stairs, that although he had sworn to leave the doors open, he had not sworn to keep his master in ignorance of his so doing. Upon finding himself in presence of the baron, he related to him, as laconically as his terror and confusion would allow, the adventure he had had upon the road, and the promise extorted from him by Dezelouz.

"Have you obeyed his orders?" inquired Monsieur d'Estival, when his servant had done speaking. "Have you left the doors open?"

"The gate is open," replied Cadet; "the house door I was to watch an opportunity of opening."

"You shall do so," said the baron, coolly; "but first desire Dubois to put lights in the picture gallery, and send the women here. Fetch me a coil of rope that you will find with the fishing nets. And quick, there is no time to lose."

Cadet left the room, up and down which the baron paced two or three times, apparently musing on what he had to do. The most natural course to adopt, under such circumstances, would have been to have kept the doors firmly barricaded, and trust to their strength as a defence against the robbers, while a few shots fired from the windows might have assisted to repel them, or, at any rate, would have alarmed the neighborhood and brought assistance. But Monsieur d'Estival was a man of great courage and coolness; and not content with merely protecting his dwelling from the expected attack, he had formed a plan by which he thought it probable he might bring about the capture or extermination of Dezelouz and his band. Hurrying to the chamber in which his two children were sleeping, he awoke them, and bid them dress immediately. The astonished children obeyed and accompanied their father to his sitting-room, in which the servants were by this time assembled. The baron desired them to follow him, and, taking up a candle, led the way to the room that went by the name of the picture gallery.

This was an apartment upon the second floor, that had long been used solely for the purpose which its name indicated, but of late years had been converted into a sort of state chamber reserved for any guests of unusual importance who might honor the château with their presence. A few pictures the size of life, representing hooped and farthingaled dames, mailed knights and ermined magistrates of the house of D'Estival, still decorated the walls; and a spacious bed of Spanish mahogany, with old-fashioned brocade hangings, stood upon one side of the apartment, the windows of which looked out to the back of the château. A pair of deer's antlers, the tusks of a wild boar of unusual size, and some other trophies of the chase, were suspended above the lofty mantel-piece, and in a corner was placed a carved and inlaid cabinet, in which the baron was accustomed to keep his fowling-pieces, powder-horns, and other shooting apparatus.

When Monsieur d'Estival had collected his children and domestics in this apartment, he turned to his groom and ordered him to go down stairs and open the door of the house. Cadet stared, but obeyed the command in silence. While he was gone, the baron closed the room door and drew a bolt, but upon hearing Cadet reascending the stairs alone, he reopened it and admitted him. He then locked and barred the door, which was of consid-



erable thickness, with strong hinges and numerous fastenings on the inner side, and drew two or three heavy pieces of furniture against it as an additional security for its not being forced open. This done, he carefully masked the lights, opened one of the windows, and looked out. All was quiet without, nothing appeared to be stirring among the trees and bushes that grew close up to the walls of the château; but the night was dark, and it was impossible to see to any distance.

"Cadet," said the baron, who was occupied making a noose at one end of a long rope.

The groom approached his master, who spoke a few words to him in a low tone, and then hung the cord out of the window. Cadet got upon the window-sill, and passing his legs through the noose, seated himself upon it, grasping the rope above his head with both hands, while Monsieur d'Estival and his valet Dubois, an old soldier, who had been long in his service, lowered away gradually till the cessation of the strain warned them that the groom had reached the ground. The rope was then drawn in, the window closed, the lights were unmasked for a minute or two, and then finally extinguished, and all was silence and darkness in the apartment.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the completion of these arrangements, various sounds became audible, proceeding from the lower floor of the château. Doors were slammed, heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs and in the corridors, and at times a crashing noise announced that Dezelouze and his band were at work, breaking open drawers and furniture in search of booty. Owing, however, to the size of the house, and its irregular internal arrangement, it was some time before any of the intruders discovered the room in which Monsieur d'Estival had barricaded himself. At last a party, that was roaming through the passages and corridors in search of the inmates, whom they were surprised not to meet with, tried the door of the picture gallery, which resisted their efforts to open it. With horrible curses and imprecations they summoned the baron to admit them; but no answer was returned to their menaces. They threw themselves violently against the door, and struck furious blows upon it with the butts of their guns, but all was in vain, until it occurred to some of their number to fetch a heavy marble statue from its pedestal in another room, and use it as a battering ram. Poised upon the muscular arms of half-a-dozen men, the mass of stone was brought in violent contact with the door, causing the oaken panels to crack, and the fastenings to yield. After a few blows the barrier gave way entirely, and eight or ten men, headed by Dezelouze in person, rushed into the room. Not a living creature was there. The apartment was entirely unoccupied.

Unable to account for the disappearance of the baron and his family, whom they had made sure of finding in this room, the brigands instituted a minute search for the fugitives. It appeared impossible that the latter should have left the apartment. The windows were shut and fastened, and there was no other mode of egress than the door, which had just been broken open. The bed, and every article of furniture that could by possibility afford concealment, were being closely examined, when, in the midst of their investigation, the robbers were startled by a shot fired in front of the house. They paused and listened. Another, and a third report from the sentries at the gate, and then the clatter of horses' feet were heard, as a strong detachment of gendarmes galloped into the

court of the château. At the same moment the house-door was hastily shut and barred by one of the robbers who was guarding it.

The first impulse of Dezelouze and his followers, upon finding themselves thus surprised, was to rush to the back windows of the château. But even had they been disposed to risk a leap of five and twenty feet, they would have fallen upon the sabres of a piquet of gendarmes that was patrolling in rear of the house. They were fairly caught in a trap; and gaining courage from the desperate position in which they found themselves, they resolved to make an effort to cut their way through their enemies. Headed by Dezelouze and his lieutenant, a swarthy and gigantic Pyrenean, who went by the name of Lou Negre, or the black, they charged out of the château and made a furious attack upon the gendarmes.

Scarcely had the last of the banditti vacated the picture gallery, when one of the large family portraits swung aside and disclosed the entrance of a small room, or rather closet, that had probably served, in times of civil war and revolution, for the concealment of persons and property. Monsieur d'Estival and his valet stepped out, each with a gun in his hand, and after restoring the picture to its former position, descended cautiously to the lower part of the château. A desperate fight was going on in the court-yard, of which the side nearest the house was occupied by Dezelouze and his band. It was impossible for the Baron and his servant to join their rescuers but they stationed themselves at a window and opened fire upon the robbers. The latter, finding themselves thus assailed in front and rear, fought with less confidence; moreover, the discipline and skill in arms of the soldiers began to prevail over the desperation and superior numbers of the brigands. Many of the latter were shot and cut down, others made prisoners, and at last only Dezelouze, Lou Negre, and three others remained, standing back to back upon the door steps, and defending themselves with unabated courage. Half-a-dozen gendarmes pressed forward to seize them; but the robbers fought with such fury that, although one of them fell, their assailants were for a moment repulsed. Before another attack could be made, Dezelouze spoke a word or two to his companions, and the four brigands darted through the door of the château and secured it behind them.

The comparative stillness that now reigned without the house enabled the gendarmes to hear the noise and scuffle of the violent struggle that had commenced within it. Only one shot was fired, but there was a trampling of feet, a clashing of steel, and the sound of heavy blows. When the soldiers succeeded in forcing an entrance, nearly the first objects they encountered were the dead bodies of Monsieur d'Estival, his servant, and two of the robbers, lying bathed in their blood at the foot of the staircase. Dezelouze and his lieutenant had thrown away their arms, and were seated upon a stair with the calmness of desperate men who knew that they had forfeited all hope of mercy, and lost every chance of escape. They offered their wrists to the handcuffs, and were led prisoners into the town.

The last capital punishment that took place at Dax was that of Dezelouze and Lou Negre, who were executed on the Place Sainte Marguerite upon St. Vincent's day, the 1st of September, 1829. The guillotine was shortly afterwards removed to Mont de Marsan, the chief town of the department of the Landes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE MILKMAN OF WALWORTH.

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS just fifteen, when the battle of Waterloo, (it will soon be thirty years ago,) by giving peace to Europe, enabled my father to gratify one of the principal desires of his heart, by sending me to finish my education at a German university. Our family was a Lincolnshire one, he its representative, and the inheritor of an encumbered estate, not much relieved by a portionless wife and several children, of whom I was the third and youngest son. My eldest brother was idle, lived at home, and played on the fiddle. Tom, my second brother, two years older than myself, had just entered the army time enough to be returned in the Gazette as severely wounded in the action of the 18th. I was destined for the church—as much, I believe, from my mother's proneness to Prelacy, (in a very different sense from its usual acceptation,) she being fond of expatiating on her descent from one of the seven of immortal memory, as from my being a formal, bookish boy, of a reserved and rather contemplative disposition. The profession did not appear uncongenial to my taste; and although, from my classical education having been deplorably neglected, there was no small share of grinding and fag before me, I entered readily into my father's views; the more especially, as in them was comprehended the preliminary visit to Germany, the land of my early visions, where I hoped to be on more intimate terms than ever with my old acquaintances, the Spirit of the Brocken, the Wild Hunter, &c. &c.; or, mayhap, to carry to practical results in the heart of the Black Forest the lessons of natural freedom I had so largely acquired from Schiller. My father's object in sending me to Heidelberg was not, I believe, quite of so elevated a character.

After a month's preliminary bustle, I set out. The Lincoln Light-o'-Heart coach took me up a couple of miles from my father's—and with me a chest of stores that would have sufficed for the north-west passage. Furnished with a letter to a friend in London, who was prepared to forward me by the first vessel offering for Holland, I accomplished the journey to town satisfactorily. On arriving in London, I found Mr. Sainsbury, the friend already mentioned, awaiting me at the coach-office in Lad Lane. He was my father's banker—a little red-faced hospitable man, fond of Welsh rabbits, Hessian boots, and of wearing his watch-chain down to his knees. He welcomed me very cordially, said he had not had time as yet to make the necessary inquiries about my passage; but as he was sure no vessel would sail for Helvoetsluys for at least a week, he insisted upon my putting up at his residence while I remained. Oppressed as I was with fretting and fatigue, it was a matter of indifference to me at the moment where I stayed while in town. I therefore, with a proper expression of thanks, accepted the invitation. A job coach conveyed us in a short time to Mr. Sainsbury's abode. He lived at Walworth, at that period an extensive suburb on the Surrey side of London, but long since incorporated into the great mass of the metropolis. The street in which the mansion stood was large, the houses were spacious and handsome, their tenants, as I learned afterwards, opulent and respectable. It was late in August; my friend's family were all at Margate; and I found none to do the honors of the

house but himself and his eldest son, a young man of prepossessing appearance and intelligent manners. On finding I was not disposed to go out the following morning, he recommended me to the library and some portfolios of choice engravings, and, promising to return early in the afternoon, departed for his haunts of business in the city.

I found the library tolerably comprehensive for its size; and having glanced along its ranges, I tumbled over Hogarth and Gilray on the print-stands for some time. I settled upon my usual efficacious remedy in desultory hours—old Burton's *Anatomie*, and dropped with it into the window-seat. I have seldom found him to fail me on such emergencies—his quaintness, his humor, the lavish prodigality of learning and extraordinary thinking that loads his pages, never to me lose their freshness. Yet on the present occasion I found them fix me with more difficulty than I ever before, or I believe since, experienced. My mind wandered constantly from the page back to home, forward to Heidelberg, and, after a while, I laid down the volume to gaze vacantly through the window. It overlooked the street. Yet here the day was so piteously wet there was nothing to arrest my half-drowsy eye or half-dreamy attention. No young ladies in the opposite windows. They were all at Hastings or Brighton. No neat serving-wenches chattering on the area steps—not even a barrel-organ to blow out one's patience—no vagabond on stilts, with a pipe and dancing-dogs—no Punch—no nothing!—Once a ruffian with four *babies*, two in his arms and two more at his ankles, strolled down the street, chanting—“In Jury is God known”—his hat off, and the rain streaming down at his nose as from a gables-pout. But he, too, vanished. Occasionally a dripping umbrella hurried past, showing nothing but thin legs in tights and topboots, or thick ones in worsteds and pattens. At one o'clock the milkman passed along the street silently, and with a soberer knock than usually announces the presence of that functionary. I counted him at number 45, 46, 47, 48—number 49 was beyond the range of the window; but I believe I accompanied him with my ear up to number 144—where the multiplication-table ends. He was assisted in his vocation by his wife, who attended him—very devotedly too, for I remarked she seemed regardless of the weather, and carried no umbrella. Wearied out completely by the monotony and dullness of the street, I next sank into a doze, which destroyed one hour further towards dinner, and the remnant of time I managed to dispose of by writing a large portion of a long letter to my mother. My dinner was a tête-à-tête one with John Sainsbury—his father having been called away to Margate on affairs connected with the residents there. Finding myself laboring under a cold, I avoided wine, and while my companion discussed his *Châteaufort Margaut*, I kept up a languid conversation with him, enlivened occasionally by the snap of a walnut-shell or indifferent pun, with now and then an inquiry or remark respecting the street passengers. Amongst those, the milk-vender and lady at the moment happened to pass along—“By the by,” I said, “there is one peculiarity about that pair I cannot help remarking. I observe, that wherever, or at whatever pace, the man moves, his female companion always keeps at the one exact distance behind him—about three yards or so.—See, just as they stand now at No. 46! I never



perceive her approach nearer. She seems a most assiduous wife."

"Wife!" rejoined Sainsbury, with a motion of the lip that might have been a smile, but for the gravity of his other features—"she is not his wife."

"Wife, or friend then," I said, correcting myself.

"She is not his friend either."

"Well, his sister or relative."

"Neither sister nor relative—in fact," he said, "I don't think she is anything to him."

"But the deuce is in it, man; you don't mean to say that she is not a most devoted friend who thus so closely, and at all hours, it appears to me, attends him and assists?"

"She does not assist him," again interrupted Sainsbury.

"I mean, shares his toil."

"She has no participation whatever in his business. Come," he said, rising and advancing to the window, "I see you are puzzled; nor are you the first who has been at fault respecting that extraordinary pair. Just observe them for a moment," and he threw up the sash to afford me the means of glancing after them along the street; "you perceive that there is not the slightest communication between them. He has just stopped at that house, No. 50, and there stands the woman, rigid as a statue, only three yards behind him; now he has done, and moves rapidly on—how exactly she follows! He stops again, and see, she is motionless; now he proceeds slowly across the street to that house with the lofty portico, but, slowly or quickly, there she is close at hand."

"How very odd!" I said; "they never speak."

"Speak! Watch him narrowly, and you will see he never for a single instant looks behind him. Here they come this way, on his return homewards. You hear the shout from those idle throngs that have just caught a glimpse of yonder balloon; you see that man never turns, never pauses, never looks up; he knows who is behind him, and hurries on. There, he has turned the corner, and, certain as his death, she has vanished in his footsteps. Singular—most singular!" he muttered to himself half musingly.

"But surely their home reconciles them?"

"They don't live together! On the contrary, I believe, they dwell far asunder, and we of this neighborhood, who have seen them for years, have just as little cause to conclude that they are known personally to each other as you have, who have only beheld them once or twice."

"But this strange companionship, this existence of attraction and repulsion, which I have witnessed these two days, it surely does not always continue. You talk of years?"

"Yes, several years; and during that time the man has not been once missed from his business, nor ever found pursuing it unwatched or unattended by that woman, more constant, in truth, than his very shadow."

"Why, here is mystery and romance with a vengeance! ready made, too, at one's threshold, without having to seek it out in hall or bower. 'Tis a trifle low to be sure; had it been a shepherd and shepherdess it might do, but a milkman and a—may I say!—milkmaid."

"I assure you there is no quiz whatever in it. It is just as you see it and say it—a downright

mystery, and one that, perhaps, will never be cleared up."

"I think the clue, my dear fellow, a very simple one—the woman is mad."

"Not a bit of it; she is perfectly rational; of intelligence, I am told, far beyond her apparent station in life—a little reserved, to be sure."

"Then he is a lunatic, and she his keeper—eh?"

"For that I refer you to the cook, and all of that respectable calling who transact business with the fellow. If he must be characterized by any one particular quality, I would say that there is far more of the villain than the fool about him."

"Pray, be kind enough," I said, "to tell me all you know respecting this curious pair. I am really interested in them."

"In what I have said already," replied Sainsbury, resuming his seat, "I have told you all, or very nearly all, that I, or I believe anybody else, knows of them. My little information is chiefly acquired from hearing the servants gossip about them; but I very well remember that, on the first appearance of the pair in this vicinity, they excited a good deal of speculation and inquiry amongst every class in Walworth. It is now more than eight years ago since this man's predecessor—the purveyor, as he grandiloquently was wont to call himself, of milk to this large district—died. His dairies, which I fancy were lucrative things enough, were immediately sold, and taken by a person who, we were informed, would not only continue to supply Walworth with their produce, but, from motives of caprice or economy, would deliver it himself. Accordingly, the man you have seen pass this evening appeared; and all was uniform and punctual as before. In a few days, however, he came, attended by that mysterious female, dogged precisely as you have seen him an hour ago, and at once the heart of every cook and kitchen-maid in the parish was on fire with curiosity and suspicion. From the kitchen the contagion spread to the drawing-room, and commissions of inquiry, in the shape of tea-parties, were held in every house relative to the strange milk-vender and his stranger shadow. To those who asked him any questions on the matter, and very few ventured to do so—for his manner, though civil, had a reserve and sullenness, and there was in his deportment a decent propriety, that repulsed, or rather prevented, inquiry—he usually answered that he 'knew nothing of the woman who followed him;' 'that he dared to say it was from some whim;' 'that she was welcome to do so if she pleased;' 'she had the same right of highway as any other person,' and suchlike evasive replies."

"But his companion—I should rather say, his attendant—from her sex, she would, at least, be something more communicative?"

"Not at all. She was very seldom spoken to upon any subject. She kept aloof from all who seemed disposed to be inquisitive; and if she ever came within range, as the sailors say, of a question, she never gave an intelligible, or at least satisfactory, answer. Besides, as she was never seen save in the track of him whom she lives but to pursue, her own sex have had no opportunity of conciliating her into an acquaintanceship, and their patience and curiosity have long consumed themselves away."

"Then, after all, it may be only the whim of an eccentric woman that leads her thus to persecute an inoffensive, industrious person?"



"I cannot think so. I am persuaded there is some peculiar occurrence in their past lives that has thus mysteriously associated them—some conscious secret that, by its influence, draws them forcibly into contact. What the nature of this strange sympathy may be, I cannot form the least idea."

"Has no one attempted to unriddle it before now?"

"Not with any prospect of success. Of course there have been a thousand conjectures. Among the lower orders of people, the prevalent opinion is, that the woman once possessed a large sum of money, out of which this Maunsell (for such is his name) contrived to cheat her; and that she has ever since *haunted* him, as they very appropriately term it. But this offence I am inclined to think infinitely too light a one to draw upon him the grievous punishment which has been so many years inflicted on him. One of our neighbors, Rochfort, a very matter-of-fact sort of a man, not at all given to the marvellous, asserts, that he witnessed by accident what he is sure was the first meeting of the pair after the man's arrival in this quarter. It was late in the evening; Rochfort was standing, he says, in the shadow of a gateway that breaks up the long blank wall of a large timber-yard that belongs to him, at some distance from this, and which skirts a lonely and unfrequented road leading to Kennington. He is positive there was not a human being but himself within sight or hearing, when he perceived the milkman coming along by the wall, his footsteps echoing loudly up the dusty path. Not choosing to encounter a stranger at the moment in such a spot, my friend withdrew further into the shadow of the gateway. The man, in passing it, happening to drop some pieces of money from his hand, stooped to recover them; and while so engaged, a female, who, Rochfort asserts, must have risen out of the earth on the instant, suddenly appeared standing at the searcher's side, perfectly motionless, and muffled in those dark funereal garments that have since been so familiar to our eyes. On lifting his head the man perceived her, started, but, my informant says, it was more the subdued start of one accustomed to face horror, than the overwhelming dismay of a person terrified for the first time: he folded his arms, as if endeavoring to collect himself, but his whole frame shook convulsively. He was about to speak, when a noise of workmen approaching up the archway stopped him, and, turning away, he hastened on—that dark spectral woman gliding noiselessly after him."

"Perhaps," I said, with a forced laugh—for, despite of myself, the story was exciting my imagination as well as curiosity—"she really is a visitor from another world."

"There are not wanting those who say so," replied my friend; "but however ghost-like her mission and appearance may be, I believe there is no doubt that as yet she is a denizen in the flesh."

"And this pair—where and how do they reside?"

"The man lives at his dairies, a considerable way from here, and although he has, I am told, an extensive establishment, never goes out but on his daily business. He is of a serious, methodical disposition, and, I understand, affects devotional reading a good deal; yet he is never seen at a place of worship. He is unmarried, nor does any relative or companion reside with him. The woman—it is hardly known where she lives: in

some miserable lonely room far away, buried in the heart of one of those dismal courts that lurk in the outlets of London, her way of life and means of support equally unknown, the one object of her existence palpable to all—to come forth at the gray of daybreak in winter and summer, in storm or shine, and seat herself at a little distance from that man's abode, until he makes his appearance: when he has passed her, to rise, to follow, to track him through the livelong day with that unflagging constancy poets are fond of ascribing to unquenchable love, which the early Greeks attributed to their impersonations of immortal Hate."

"Surely, the wild and doubtful surmises that those circumstances have raised in people's minds, must have had an injurious effect on Maunsell's business?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, I think it has assisted it. Every neighborhood loves to have a mystery of its own, and we, you must confess, have got a superlative one. The man has been found scrupulously honest, regular, and exact in his dealings; and were we to lose him now, and get a mere common-place person to succeed him, half the housewives of Walworth would perish of inanition. And now," said Sainsbury, rising, "that I have imparted to you all I know respecting the milkman and his familiar, let us to the drawing-room and seek some coffee."

#### CHAPTER II.

THE night that followed this conversation, was to me a most uncomfortable one. The episode in the day's occurrences had made so deep an impression on me, that it excluded all other thoughts from my mind, which it occupied so intensely, that, upon retiring to my chamber, several hours elapsed before I sought repose. I did so at last, but in vain. Between the fever attendant upon my indisposition, and the irksomeness of frame caused by mental inquietude, sleep was completely banished from my eyelids, or visited them only in short and broken slumbers, peopled by the distorted images of my waking thoughts. The mysterious pair were again before me. I saw them gliding through the long street, the man hastening on in that attitude so strikingly described by Coleridge, like one

"Who walks in fear and dread;  
And having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread,"—

the woman keeping on his track with the constancy of doom. Or I was standing a witness to their first meeting in the grim dark on that lonely road, their eyes of hate and fear staring wildly into each other. Sometimes I found myself spellbound between the two, the centre upon which their fearful sympathies revolved, the object upon which their long pent-up passions were about to burst. Starting from those visions, my waking fancies were hardly less tormenting. I was just at that season of youth, before the calmer and nobler faculties have acquired maturity and tone; when incidents that vary but little from the ordinary economy of life, seen through the medium of the imagination, assume a magnitude and distinctness not properly their own. On the present occasion, however, my friend's recital was well calculated to arouse the speculations of a romantic fancy; and mine was now fully employed in forming a thousand conjectures in elucidation of the curious circumstances

he had repeated to me. What could be the relation between those strange parties? Was it attachment in the one, and aversion in the other? Or, had one, as was commonly supposed, been the plundered victim, the other the despoiler? Neither of these cases could be so. A petty office of police would have relieved the persecuted—a court of law would have redressed the robbery. *Monomania* had been known to instigate persons to a line of conduct as perseveringly painful as this woman pursued; but then, there could be no motive why the object of her attentions should, for years, resign himself to a system of annoyance that drew upon him so much of remark and obloquy. Or could the female be the hired instrument of persecution in the hands of others? The poverty, the utter joylessness of her solitary life, precluded the supposition. No!—crime, I felt convinced,—crime was at the bottom of it all! and crime, too, of no ordinary quality. Was the man intent upon committing some deadly offence against society? and was it to prevent its commission that he was so assiduously watched by his companion? Perhaps he meditated breaking that instinctive canon which the Most High has so wisely fixed against “self-slaughter.” Or had some hideous deed already been perpetrated? Was it by one, or both? or, was one a soul black with guilt, the other a spirit of innocence? The more I indulged in those heated fancies, the wilder they became. Was the woman, after all, a being endowed with vitality? The suddenness of her first appearance before the man watching at the gate—the fearful hour—the lonely spot—her noiseless tread—her silent demeanor—her sepulchral dress—almost warranted the contrary opinion. Had she fallen by the hand of this Maunsell? and was the apparition, which, we are told, ever lives by the side of the murderer, thus permitted to haunt him, embodied before the eyes of men? Such were the troubled thoughts that disturbed me throughout the night. Long before sunrise, I was up, endeavoring to calm the fever into which I had wrought myself, by pacing my apartment in the cool of morning. A brilliant sunshine ushered in the day, and under its enlivening influence, my perturbed spirits gradually subsided to their usual tone. At breakfast, I confess, I was disposed again to enter on the topic, if an opportunity occurred; but Sainsbury, occupied in some letters of importance that had arrived, talked but little, and did not recur to the subject of the previous evening. This did not assist to allay the interest which had been so powerfully excited in my bosom. The continuance of my cold once more served me as a plea for remaining within doors; and, upon our parting for the day, I did not hesitate to retire to the dining-parlor, whose windows looked directly on the street, and there, shutting myself up, I awaited the arrival of the hour at which the extraordinary pair generally appeared, determined to satisfy myself by a closer observation than I had hitherto made.

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must indeed be of a damning nature, if such a career as yours does not go far to expiate it!

That day, on the reassembling of the family, I did not fail to allude to the subject of the milkman, and to express my surprise at his tenacity to life, as well as at the fixedness of purpose that enabled him to pursue his occupation through a long series of years, under such remarkable circumstances. I found, however, that the ladies only smiled at the interest which my manner exhibited; some of them assuring me, at the same time, that the neighborhood was now so accustomed to the matter, that, although calculated to arrest the attention of a stranger, to them it had ceased to be either a source of curiosity or inquiry. I believe they added, that of late the man's health had begun to fail, and that once or twice, when he happened to be confined from indisposition, his companion's visits were interrupted by the occurrence, although she still kept her vigilance in exercise by watching unremittingly for his reappearance.

After a few pleasant days passed in London, I proceeded to Lancashire, and had the happiness of finding my family well when I arrived at home. My father was quite satisfied with the letters I conveyed from Professor Von Slammerbogen; my mother delighted to receive me in any character, whether that of pedant or prodigal. Nicholas, my elder brother, I found as much attached, as when I left him, to practising "Dull Care" upon the violin. In Tom, however, there was a considerable modification, he having left his sinister arm at Hougomont, in exchange for a three months' campaign in country quarters and a Waterloo medal. In the following term I entered at Cambridge, as my father had originally planned; and in due time, upon obtaining my degree, was admitted into holy orders. My first curacy, it is singular enough, was obtained through the influence of our friend the Walworth banker, and was that of St. —'s, in his neighborhood, but nearer to town, and the centre of a poor but densely peopled district. The scene of life I now entered upon was truly laborious and painful. Resolved to perform its duties diligently to the best of my ability, I found every moment I could spare from refreshment and sleep hardly sufficient for the claims which the comfortless, whom I had to console, the sick, whom I had to succor, the profligate, to reclaim, the skeptic, to convince, made upon my time. Wholesome and profitable to my spirit, I trust, was this discipline! It seems to me a thing inexplicable, how a man can advocate the interests, the benefits of religion—can impress upon others the divine precepts of Christianity, and be himself not a partaker in the blessings he imparts. Such a one, I hope, I have long ceased to be; and although I do not profess to have attained that degree of zealous fervor and devotion, which sees, in the light and graceful relaxations of life, nothing but the darkness and allurements of sin, humbly believe I have endeavored to make my course, as much as in me was possible, conformable to the doctrines I have taught.

Upon settling in London, I gladly renewed my acquaintance with the Sainsburys; yet so arduous were the duties of my profession, that, for the first two years in which I resided in St. —'s parish, I saw but little of this amiable family. Towards the close of that period, the aid of an additional curate, appointed to assist in the district, afforded me a little more leisure time, and I was enabled

occasionally to spend an evening at Walworth. In passing to and from my friend's house, I now and then met, and ever with renewed interest and surprise, the dark pair still plodding their melancholy, interminable rounds. The last time I beheld them, I remember calculating, as they passed me, the number of years they had been thus incomprehensibly associated, and speculating on how many more should elapse before age and death terminated that melancholy partnership. In about two months after, I dined at the banker's, and the first intelligence with which John Sainsbury greeted me, was the news that the milkman of Walworth and his companion had at length disappeared. Maunsell, he said, had died some weeks before, after a couple of days' illness. No one seemed to know of what disorder—general debility, it was thought; no doctor had been called in; and not having left a will, his property went to some distant relative. With respect to the woman, she was last noticed, the evening of his death, sitting in the usual spot—within sight of the gateway leading to his house—where she generally awaited his appearance. She was not there the following morning; nor was she seen again. As the deceased had made no disclosure respecting her, nor left any papers that could tend to explain their connexion, all chance, it was concluded, of clearing up the mystery was at an end forever. I confess this disappointed me not a little. I found I had, whenever the strange pair occurred to my recollection, unconsciously entertained a conviction that I should, at some period or other, learn their history; and now that all opportunity of doing so had vanished, the fancies of my early youth again returned, and occupied me with their wild suggestions for a longer time than was either pleasing or justifiable. The coincidence, however, which had brought me so often into contact with those singular persons, was not fated as yet to discontinue.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was, I think, about half a year from this period, that, in returning late one evening from the neighborhood of Russell Square, where my father, during a short visit he was compelled to make to town, had taken lodgings, I missed my way, and got entangled in the intricacies of the numerous narrow streets and alleys that lie between that quarter of London and the eastern end of Holborn. Intending to avail myself of some of the public conveyances homewards, I had attempted to shorten my passage to the great thoroughfares, and in doing so had thus gone astray. As it was past ten o'clock I was necessarily hurried, and yet the heat and heaviness of the night—it was July—prevented me freeing myself as rapidly as I should otherwise have done from the squalid and disagreeable avenues in which I had got entangled. I was just pausing to inquire my way of a slatternly-looking woman, who stood considerably in front of the door of a dirty-looking house in one of the dirtiest lanes I had yet explored, and who, with an apron thrown around her shoulders, to supply, it seemed to me, the absence of their appropriate garments, appeared, from the direction of her looks, to be awaiting some one's arrival, when a lad hastened up the opposite side of the alley, and breathlessly announced to her, that "the docther would n't come 'thout he first got his fee."

"Holy Mary, mother of —! Oh, wisha,



what am I to do!" exclaimed the woman in a strong Irish accent, with that elision of apostrophe into complaint peculiar to her country.

"If she goes on this way till mornin', two men would n't hould her, let alone one *colleen*.\* Run, Micky, to the 'seer, an' let him get her to the hospiddle, or my heart 'll be broke from her."

"How dove I know where the 'seer lives at this hour o' the night?" expostulated the boy.

"There 's a wake in Tim Reilly's second floor—can't you go there, and they 'll tell you—can't you!"

The messenger disappeared, and I now, before putting the question for which I had stopped, asked the woman soothingly the cause of her perturbation.

"Is it what's the matther, sir? Matther enough thin—a poor crethur of a woman lodgin' with me is took very bad with the fever. She wasn't to say so bad entirely till this evenin', when she begin to rave, and 'sist upon gettin' up; an' goin' on with terrible talk, that it would frighten the heart o' you to hear her."

"How long," I said, "has she been ill?"

"Wisha, sir, she was never well since the day she darkened my dure; but I think 't is the heat o' the weather, an' her never stirrin' out, an' the weakness entirely, an' the impression on her heart, that 's killin' her now."

"And has she had no advice?"

"Sorrow the 'vice—you 'd think she 'd go into fits when I mentioned a docther to her; and as to a priest or a mininster—my dear life, I might as well mention a blunderbush."

Well accustomed to hear of, and witness, such suffering as the woman described, I was about to proceed in quest of a physician myself, if she had paused in the first part of the sentence just finished. The concluding remarks arrested me.

"I am a clergyman," I said; "will you let me see this poor person?"

"An' a thousand welcomes, sir. I know you're not the Reveren' Mithur Falvey, that I goes to a' Christmas an' Easther—not the mininster convenient here. Maybe you're"—

"I'm quite unknown here; but by allowing me to see your patient, I shall be able to judge if she is in a fit state to be removed to an hospital; or, if instantly necessary, I shall myself procure medical advice for her."

The woman entered the house and I followed her, waiting, as she requested me, in the dark entry, until she procured from the sick chamber the only light that I presume was burning in the dwelling. She then reappeared at the head of the stairs, and requested me to ascend.

Lighting me up four ruinous flights of steps, leading to rooms that appeared to be tenanted by beings as miserable as herself, she ushered me into an apartment of such large dimensions that the weak rushlight she carried left its extremity in absolute darkness. It was wretchedly furnished. At the farthest end from the door was a bed, by the side of which stood a coarse-looking girl about fifteen, engaged in preventing—now by soothing, now by forcible restraint—the invalid who occupied it from attempting to rise.

"Not another moment—not one moment longer! I must get up—he is waiting for me! See! I am late already, for 't is daybreak—though you cannot see the dawn through that dismal rain. Let

me go—wretch, wretch!—let me go; he shall not stir one step that I won't be near him to remind him of!"—

Leaving the candle near the door, my guide approached the bed, and beckoned me to follow. I advanced, and even through the misty shadows that enveloped the place, I recognized, in the emaciated form struggling on the couch, her wild flashing eyes now wilder with fever and insanity, the well-remembered wanderer who had so often excited my interest in Walworth.

"Ha!" she continued, after stopping suddenly, as lunatics will do when a stranger unexpectedly appears, and intently observing me for some minutes. "Ha! I knew I was late—see there. He has come to seek me, for the first time, too, for seventeen—eighteen—oh! so many long years. Ha, ha! all in black, too—Barnard—and you 've brought your wealthy bride"—and she glanced at the woman, who stood beside me; "but, faugh, how her limbs rattle—not a whole bone," she said, with a hysterical laugh, "in her beautiful body!"

In this way she continued to rave, during the short time I remained in the apartment. I attempted to ask her a few questions, to ascertain, if possible, how far the distraction of her mind was consequent upon her disorder; but her only replies were mad and incoherent allusions to past scenes and occurrences, that seemed entirely to engross her attention. Finding my presence of no avail, I quitted the place, and was about to deposit a small sum with the hostess for the sufferer's use, when she very ingenuously informed me it was not at the moment necessary, that person herself having always, in the payment of her weekly rent, entrusted to her hands money sufficient to supply the wants of several ensuing days.

"An' though we're sometimes bad enough off, sir, when the boys don't get the work at Mr. Cubbitt's, still, shure, if I was to wrong a poor sickly crethur like that of her thrifle of change, 't would melt away the weight a' myself in goold if I had it."

I could not help smiling at this unwonted display of honesty in so unexpected a quarter, and promising her that such care and attention to her sick tenant should not go unregarded, I departed, escorted by "Micky," who had returned to say that no intelligence of the 'seer was to be obtained at Tim Reilly's. On making our way into Holborn, I called at the nearest surgeon's, and, giving him my address, I dispatched him back with the boy, directing him, at the same time, not to allow the woman to be removed unless her disorder was a contagious one, (which I was persuaded, it was not,) and requesting, should the aid of a physician be necessary, he would at once procure it, for which, with all other expenses, I would be answerable. Touching this latter point, the lad had informed me as we came along, that he did not think their lodger was at all at a loss for money, as she procured it about once a-month, he thought, (the only time she ever went abroad,) from some "gentleman's office in the courts."

Although living at such a distance, I contrived to see the unfortunate invalid several times in the following week. I found I was right as to the nature of her disorder. An eminent physician had been called in once or twice during its most violent paroxysms, and stated, that it was likely her malady was not the cause, but the consequence, of some extraordinary mental excitement.

\* Little girl—or girl, merely.

Under the judicious treatment he pointed out, the fever gradually subsided, and for a short time there was an appearance in the patient of returning convalescence. But her physical energies were exhausted, and it was evident that a very short period would terminate her existence. Reason, too, never wholly resumed its functions, if indeed it had ever of late years exercised them in that wearied brain. Her ideas assumed a certain degree of coherency. She was able to converse occasionally with calmness, to recognize faces familiar to her, and appeared sensible of and even grateful for my visits, and the assiduity with which I sought to awaken her to some preparation for the great approaching change; but

"the delicate chain  
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again:"

never *wholly* cleared. The lightning of insanity flashed continually from the heavy cloud that hung upon her soul. The allusions, too, she was in the habit of making to some transactions of by-gone years, were of so startling a nature, that I was fully confirmed in my early impression she had been at one time of her life implicated in some wonderful, nay, heinous occurrence. Upon this point it was my intention, if possible, to win her gradually to confide to me the secret of her guilt or wrongs, hoping by this means to relieve her spirit by seeming to share in its burdens and distress.

With the quick perception of persons laboring like her under mental aberration, she seemed to anticipate my purpose. I was one morning sitting by her bed-side, when she suddenly began:—

"You asked me yesterday if I remembered having ever seen you before this illness—this late attack—and I said no. It was false. I spoke as I thought at the time; but, in looking at you now, I recollect you were one of those people I often met at Walworth. I even think you once attempted to get into his confidence—(now, do not interrupt me.) You likewise desired to know why one like me, who appears superior in mind and language to the wretched class amongst whom you find her, should have led the life—Stay! send for a sheriff's officer, and I will tell you."

I assured her I saw no necessity at that moment for the presence of such a person; and, as she appeared somewhat more excited than I had seen her for several days, I endeavored to lead her away from the subject that occupied her, by turning the conversation to some indifferent topic. But it would not do. She still reverted to the point at which she had broken off; and I was at length obliged to let her pursue the course of her own thoughts as she pleased.

"Did you ever think me handsome? Many once thought me so; but that was long ago. My father was still handsomer. He was the younger of two brothers, both wealthy. They were plain Devonshire farmers—each, too, was a widower, with each a daughter. So far for their likeness to one another. Now for the contrast. My father spent his wealth, died, and left me a beggar. *Her's* (my pretty cousin Martha's) saved it, and left his child an heiress—a temptation—a prize for all the bumpkins and graziers about us. I was glad to live with her. We kept house together. We were both of an age—young, handsome, lively, and for our station, or rather for a higher one, well educated. Here again ceased

the resemblance. Like my father, I was open, guileless, unsuspecting—and it destroyed me. She was mean, cunning, treacherous, and would—but HELL was too strong for her—have triumphed. My cousin had numerous offers of marriage. I had none. Among several young men who frequented our society, was a substantial farmer named Barnard. You have seen him. When you first beheld him he was little altered. He had ever that cursed look of Cain upon his forehead, though I branded it a little deeper. Do not thus stop me!—breath!—I have breath enough. Barnard was gay, smooth, agreeable—what was more, he was *my* suitor—the only one amid throngs that was attentive, kind, obliging to me. I felt first grateful, and next loved him—you shall hear how WELL.

"Our match began to be talked of. Martha, from some whim, disapproved of it. He ceased to visit at the house—but I would not give him up; and while he contemplated, as I thought, arrangements for our marriage, we often met alone. Judgment is over with him now—mine is at hand, and I will not load him with guilt that, after all, may not be his. He was the only being cared for me on earth. And I clung to him with a tenfold affection. How do I know but it was this mad confidence that first awoke the villain in his soul? That wine?"

I held the glass to her lips; and, while I wiped the damp drops of agony from her brow, I besought her to defer the sequel of her story until she was more capable of pursuing it.

"No," she said; "it must be now, or not at all. I am stronger than I have been for months to-day. Where was I?—Stealing back day after day to Martha's, a trampled but not an unhoping spirit; for I still looked forward to *his* fulfilling his promise. He once more was a visitor at our house. I did not know why—I did not care—he was there, and I was satisfied: I had no eyes for anything else. But the blow was coming. It fell—it smote us all to dust.

"I was one morning occupied alone in some domestic duty, when I heard Barnard's name pronounced by two female servants of our farm, who were employed in the next apartment. I listened—poor souls! they were merely agreeing 'how natural it was for Mr. Barnard to have jilted Miss —(but let my very name be unpronounced)—and taken up with Miss Martha, who had all the fortune.' Was it not a natural remark? So natural, that every being in the country had already made it but her whose heart it broke to hear it. I rushed from the spot, a mist spreading before my eyes as I hastened on. I sought out Barnard; I found him, and alone. I told him of the report I had overheard. He said it was not new to him. I charged him with perfidy—he avowed it. Half-dreaming, I attempted to catch his hand. He coolly withdrew it. I knelt before him—I clasped his knees—I wept and prayed he would bless me by treading me to death beneath his feet. He extricated himself with a laugh, bid me not be a fool, and left me.

"Before I rose from the spot where I had fallen, a dreadful shadow passed, as it were, suddenly across me, and some black passion I had never known till then took possession of my spirit. It was JEALOUSY. I returned home, and hastened to have an interview with Martha. Hitherto I had been of a quiet, timid disposition—I was now bold from frenzy and betrayed affection. I up-

braided my cousin with duplicity, with meanness in receiving the addresses of a man betrothed to her relative. She retorted by drawing comparisons between our attractions, personal as well as pecuniary. At these I smiled—bitterly perhaps, but still I smiled. She scoffed at my plea that Barnard was my affianced husband, declared her intention of marrying him, and ended by insinuating that I had lost him by the very unguardedness of my affection. I never smiled again.

"I was mad from that day forward. My whole existence changed. I was a dissembler—a liar—for my life was a long lie—and, come near—I *am* a murderer. I lived blindly on—a day was fixed for their marriage—but, though I knew not *how it was to be*—I knew another would never stand at the altar as his bride.

"She and I had apparently been reconciled—I saw Barnard no more save in her presence—I lulled them both into a belief that I was a poor, trodden, and stingless thing.

"The Sunday preceding the wedding-day arrived. It was a lovely evening in summer, and Martha and he and I wandered far away into the fields—they to taste the freshness of nature, I to wonder the flowers did not wither beneath our tread; for we were all alike evil and abandoned. In our way, we visited a mill that was soon to become the property of Barnard in right of his bride. In passing through the different lofts into which it was divided, we paused in one to admire the immense and complicated machinery connected with the great wheel that worked the manufactory. Martha, ever capricious and perverse, wished to see the engine set in motion. But there was not a servant—not a creature, save ourselves—within a mile of the spot at the moment. Barnard, however, volunteered to go to the mill-dam outside, and, on a signal from us, to undo the wicket that kept back the waters from the wheel. I watched him from the window till he took his station at the spot. Just then Martha, who, with perverse inquisitiveness, had been standing caged within the iron framework of the engines, in hastening to leave it missed her footing, and stumbled backward again within its circle. A streak, as of fire, flashed through the place. I waved my hand; there was the sudden rush of tumbling water, a faint shriek, and then the roar and thunder of the enormous wheels hurrying on, grinding and tearing her to pieces. And then came the horrorstruck look of Him, crying out to Heaven in his vain impotency, and my own mad laughter, ringing high over it all!

"His consternation and despair—his wild attempts to stay the progress of the crashing machinery—his wrath at my exultation—only raised me to a higher state of frenzy—that frenzy of heart and brain that never went from me more. I hollowed in his ear how I had done it—and when he flung himself on the ground in a passion of remorse and grief, I danced round him, proclaiming my hate and guilt, and summoning him to give me up to justice. It was now his turn to quiver under the lash of conscience. He accused himself of the ruin I had wrought—acknowledged his falsehood—cried aloud for mercy—and still I exulted with a fiercer laughter, with a louder demand, that he would give me to the gibbet. He endeavored to fly from the spot. I pursued him. I NEVER LEFT HIM AGAIN. There was a long illness—a blot upon my memory. I cannot tell you anything of its duration. Her remains were found—there

was an inquiry—he was the only witness—he kept *our secret*. On my recovery, I found he had sold his property, and departed to some distant quarter in the North of England. I tracked him there. I had vowed to haunt his soul with the memory of my crime, until he surrendered me to justice. He sought to shun me, by changing his name and removing from one place of residence to another; but in vain; my revenge was as hard and cruel as his own look on the morning, in his orchard, when he spurned me fainting from his feet. Go where he would, I pursued. At last he settled near London—in that place where you first beheld us. You know the rest of our career. If guilt can be atoned for by human suffering—the wrath of years—the raging wind—the scorching sun—ruined youth—premature age—privation, misery, madness, and hate, have well atoned for ours. You shake your head. It is not so. Well, you were the first to teach me to vent my burning thoughts in prayer. Pray with me now. I seem to have lived all my evil passions over again in this last hour. Do not leave me yet, but—pray!"

Such was the disastrous tale imparted to me in almost the last interview I had with its hapless narrator. Either the recollections she had lived through, as she said, in so short a space, or the exertions caused by its recital, were too much for her enfeebled intellect. Delirium shortly after returned, and continued to within a few hours of her dissolution, which occurred on the evening of the following day. I was present when she expired. She instructed me where to find the agent, who paid her a small stipend derived from a distant relative, (to whom, by her uncle's will, his property descended,) that I might apprise him of her death. She was quite sensible at the awful moment; and there is still a hope mingled with the melancholy remembrance that her last entreaty to me was—to "PRAY!"

OLD CHURCHES.—A statement has recently appeared in several papers that the oldest meeting-house now standing in the United States, is the Rev. Mr. Richardson's (in Hingham, Mass.,) erected in 1680. This is a mistake. A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) Courier says that the oldest church probably in the original thirteen states stands near Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va., which is older by half a century. The writer has a communication from a highly respectable gentleman of that vicinity, which gives evidence that it was built in the reign of Charles I., between the years 1630 and 1635. Tradition, too, states that it was the second church erected in Virginia. The brick, lime, and timber, were imported from England. The timber is English oak, and was framed before shipment. The whole structure was built in the most substantial manner; and even now the wood-work, where not exposed to rain, is perfectly sound, and the mortar sufficiently hard to strike fire when in collision with steel. The structure, which is of brick, has a lofty tower, and is in good preservation. It stands secluded in the depths of a forest, and its walls are overrun with a delicate net-work of vines.

It is said that the Emperor of Russia has issued an order by which all natives of Poland are prohibited from marrying till they have completed their thirtieth year.—*Spectator*.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

# VOICES FROM THE DEEP.

A YARN.

WE were somewhere off Cape d'Agulhas, on our homeward voyage from the Mauritius, fighting hard against a head wind, which, though not quite a gale, was yet sufficiently provoking. There was a nasty short cross sea too, and not the mile-long rolling swell you usually meet with in that quarter of the world, for the wind had suddenly changed. It was bitterly cold, and there was no lack of rain, nor of sleet either; and as you walked the deck, you would occasionally, among the soft, cold, squashy slipperiness, feel a big hail-stone crunch under your shoe by way of variety. Now as I was never very partial to the above sort of circumstances, I was making myself as comfortable as I could below, with a glass of cold grog and some old sheets of the *Bell's Life in London* comicalities, when one of the boys scrambling down the ladder, shoved open the sliding-door of the cabin, thereby admitting a gust of cold air that made me shiver.

"Well, what do you want?" said I.

"If you please, sir, the captain's compliments, would you come upon deck—there's a funnymon."

"Oh, is there!—the Flying Dutchman, I should n't wonder—we are just about his cruising ground now;" and hastily putting on somebody's pea-jacket, and somebody else's hard-a-weather hat, I clambered on deck and looked around me. Everything was dark and cold, though it had ceased to rain, and the quarterdeck and gangways had been swept. The sky seemed one mass of sooty black clouds, and you could not tell, from any indication of your eyes, whether it was vaulted, or flat as the ceiling of your room—all was blackness, shapelessness, and obscurity. The sea had a sort of dull, grayish appearance, from the mixture over its surface of white foam and pitchy water; there was nothing bright or phosphorescent about it; it was cold, dreary, and dispiriting, and the heavily-laden little brig plunged, and seemed to shake her shoulders, and plunge again, as if she had no particular relish for it herself; while at every shrug a shower of spray was thrown aft, falling in big splashy drops upon the deck. As I was thus appreciating the full comfortlessness of the scene, the same boy addressed me, telling me the captain was forward on the weather-side of the forecabin. I immediately began to clapper-claw my way forward, holding on now by one thing, now by another, for she pitched so violently, that I was momentarily expecting to be chucked clean overboard. At length I brought up alongside the skipper, who, standing on a hen-coop, and holding on by the weather-shrouds, was peering anxiously out to windward.

"Do you hear that!—did you hear anything?" said he, suddenly turning to me.

"Nothing," said I, "but the moaning of the wind in the rigging, and the pile-driving thumps of her bows."

"Ah!—hush—not a word—listen—there it is again."

"Where?" said I.

"Right out in the direction of my hand there—don't you hear that?"

"By Heaven, I hear a voice!—there again!" Here there was a lull, and we all distinctly heard

it. It was a long, mournful cry, and had in its sound something inexpressibly harrowing. It seemed the voice of a strong man, exhausted in mind and body, weakened to a womanish state of feeling by hunger, exposure, misery, and despair; calling for help without hope to find it. It was actually musical, and had in its prolonged melancholy cadence something so acutely touching, as to make me experience a feeling precisely similar to that I used to have in my childhood, just when at the point of falling away into a fit of crying. We all stood entranced and motionless, listening till its dying fall was lost in the rush of the wind and dash of the waves.

"The Lord look to that poor soul any how!" said a hoarse voice behind me, but in a tone of much feeling. I turned, and saw it was one of the crew, who were clustered, some forward at the heel of the bowsprit, and the others farther aft round the head of the long-boat; everybody was on deck, and all had heard the cry, and were making whispering remarks, which, being to the windward, I could not distinctly hear.

Again the wind lulled, and again the long mournful "hillo—o—o" swelled and sank upon our ears.

"It is broad abeam of us now, sir," said the mate.

"Yes," said the master, "it must be drifting down with the current. Can any of you see anything?" But no one answered. "Here, you Tom Bradley, jump aft in the gangway, and answer their hail, whoever they are."

The young man, who had a remarkably loud and clear voice, went aft, mounted into the weather-main rigging, and immediately a trumpet-like "hillo-hoy" rang over the water. A minute, and it was answered by the same mournful call; but this time I could swear it was articulate—there were distinct words, though I could not make them out—moreover, the voice seemed more distant, and was well upon the quarter. The master and mate were of the same opinion.

"Come in board, Bradley," said the former. "Put her about, Mr. A—; (to the mate); we are sure to fetch the precise spot next tack;" and immediately with the usual noise and bustle, but with more than the usual smartness, round went the brig, and away upon the larboard tack.

"Put a look-out at each cathead, and one at each gangway, Mr. A—."

"Ay, ay, sir."

For a few minutes we went on in silence.

"I think we should be near the spot now, sir," said the mate. "Shall I hail them?"

"Yes," said the master; and the mate going to leeward, hallooed at the top of his voice. There was no answer. By this time the moon became apparent, struggling through the fleeciness, between two of the great cloud masses. You could not see her exact disk, but the brightness between the clouds and the light shed upon the surface of the sea, little as it was, gave indication of her intention shortly to unveil herself.

"Keep a bright look out for'ard there," sung out the master.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, not in the usual drawing way, but quickly and sharply, as if anxiously on the alert.

"Gangways!" another similar reply. "Hail again, Mr. A—."

The mate hallooed again. There was no sound in answer. At that moment the moon shone out

bright and clear. The edges of the vast rolling clouds became, as it were, silverized, and a broad flow of light fell upon the sea around us, rendering everything within the eye's range clear and distinct.

"Do you see anything, men—any boat or raft, or anything in the water?"

But the light was so bright and sudden, that it was nearly a minute, during which each man had searched with his eyes all the space within the horizon, before they answered, in a tone of disappointment and superstitious dread, "Nothing, sir—nothing, sir," one after the other.

"Bless my soul, isn't that strange? Do you see anything?" (to me.)

"Nothing," said I.

"Here, Mr. A—, go aloft into the maintop, and send two or three of the people aloft also to look out. I say, Bradley, sing out, will ye—hail again."

Again the seaman hallooed—we waited, but there was no answering cry. The master was now much excited.

"Maintop there."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see anything?"

"Nothing, sir, but those two albatrosses in our wake."

"Foretop," again cried he.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you make out anything?"

"Nothing on the water, sir, but there's something on our lee-bow that looks very like the land."

"Come down, Mr. A—, come down out of the tops, men, and stand by to put her about again." The master's voice trembled, as he asked me, "What do you think of that, Mr. D—? Strange things occur in these seas."

"Why, I am puzzled enough," said I; "the poor fellow would seem to have sunk just after his last hail."

"No poor fellow in the case, I fear," said he, with a look of much mystery. "This is not the first of these sort of airy tongues I've had to do with. Just let us get her well round on the other tack, and I'll come below and give you the yarn."

This was said as I was about to descend the companion, for the aspect of the evening was not such as to keep a man long on deck who had no business there; but ere I had got down two steps of the ladder all was dark again; the bright moon had withdrawn herself behind a thick cloud.

Shortly after, the master, along with the mate, Mr. A—, (for it was the second mate's watch,) came into the cabin, and helping themselves to a glass of grog and a cheeroot apiece, (for as there were no lady passengers, and none of us objected to the odor, the master did not care about smoking below,) sat down with faces of much seriousness.

"As I was telling you, Mr. D—," continued the master, "this is not my first experience of these sort of noises. I remember many years ago, when I was a boy on board the frigate 'Athalie,' in the river Plate, we had a quarter-master on board, of the name of O'Hanlan, an Irishman. He was a very good man so long as he was sober, only rather apt when he had his beer to become obstreperous, insisting that by right of birth he was legitimate king of Galway or some other extensive district in Ireland. He was an odd sort of fellow, you may believe, and used in these fits to ask us to kiss his hand—a request to which you may guess our reply—and swear that his family had been

princes ages before the Saxon and Norman barbarians overrun his country, and stuck upon the surface of the soil the roots of their mushroom nobility; moreover, that a spirit attended his family, a malignant banshie, that rejoiced in the occurrence to them of any calamity. But when sober he was a first-rate sailor, and the officers knew it, and rather looked over his foibles. Well, there we were, with a light wind one night in groping our way up the mighty river, the leads being kept going regularly in the chains, and lookouts upon the bowsprit and at the foreyard arms. It was a beautiful evening, the water quite smooth, and the moon shining without a cloud as brightly as she did for those two or three minutes a little ago.

"Well, this Irish quarter-master was one of them in the chains, and just as he was swinging the lead forward, the lashing round his waist gave way, and overboard he went, with the lead line in his hand, with a dead plunge, not unlike that of the lead itself, and without a cry or any other indication of the accident. But the master, who, with his foot on a gun-carriage, had been looking over at him, saw him disappear, and rushing frantically aft, cried to the captain and first-lieutenant, 'A man overboard—O'Hanlan's overboard!'

"Let go the life-buoy!" cried the captain, in much excitement, and the sentry forthwith pulling the trigger; it plunged into the water and fell away astern, with its reddish-blue light flickering and flaring upon the smooth surface of the water. 'Heave-to immediately,' he added, addressing the first-lieutenant, 'and lower the boats.'

But O'Hanlan was never more seen by us; after that first plunge he never rose to the surface, and though every eye that could was scanning the glassy water, still no one saw the least dark object to break the uniform bright level. The cutter and jollyboat were lowered and manned, but where to bid them pull was a question. Just at that moment we heard a loud cry, similar in every respect to that we heard to-night, away on our lee quarter.

"There is his voice," cried the captain, 'right on the lee-quarter, right in the moon's wake; that's why you can't see him; give way, men, for God's sake:—stretch your limbs—'t is for life,' and away shot both boats, each with the officer standing up in the bows looking anxiously out. But when they had pulled about a hundred yards from the ship without seeing any object, the mournful cry came again upon our ears, but from the *weather quarter* this time.

"Gracious Heaven, Mr. Grey," said the captain, 'have we been mistaken, and sent the boats in the wrong direction?'

"No, sir," said the first-lieutenant, 'the sound most assuredly came from the lee-quarter; I heard it most distinctly,' and turning to the surgeon and master, who were hard by, they both corroborated his assertion from the most decided evidence of their senses.

"But, for all that," said the captain, 'it would appear there has been a mistake—recall the boats.'

Here again the wild wailing cry came again from the same direction as it had done the second time, and though when the first-lieutenant hailed the tops and asked if they could see anything, they answered they could not, yet the boats were recalled, and, as they passed under the stern, were sent in the other direction.

"Did you see anything of him?" asked Mr. Grey. Both the midshipmen in the boats replied they had not.

"But when they had gone about as far to windward as they had previously done to leeward, the cry broke upon our ears once more, but faint and far away astern while the life-buoy itself had hardly had time to drift more than a hundred yards from the ship.

"The captain appeared much struck. He looked at the other officers; then, without a word, went and walked by himself, while the others, with faces paler than they would like to hear me say, gathered in whispering groups.

"Shortly the boats returned. They had pulled about for some time, but could see nothing. The jolly-boat was sent to pick up the life-buoy. All this while every soul of the men had been as silent as a mouse, and you could hear the flap of the sails, the cheeping of the tiller-ropes, and the ripple of the current against the ship's bows, unnaturally loud and distinct.

"As soon as the life-buoy and boats were secured, 'Fill and stand on, Mr. Grey,' said the captain, and, without another word, he moved towards the companion to go down to his cabin. Just, however, as he was about to descend, his eye was attracted to a bright, pale flame that kept fluttering and flickering about the weather foretop-mast studding-sail boom end, and then gradually withdrawing but seeming to hold on by the spar by a long, slender, bright limb, as if loath to leave the ship, finally let go, rose into the air, and was lost, flashing and wavering high up in the heavens. When it disappeared he turned round to look at the officers, who were all with pallid faces and silent lips gazing aloft into the sky. Then, without addressing any of them, he bade the messenger boy call his steward from the deck and went into the cabin.

"In a minute all was bustle again as the ship was brought to her course. Now what do you think of that, Mr. D——?"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### THE DUELLIST'S VOW.

##### A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

UPON a certain Wednesday evening in the spring of the year 183—, a considerable concourse of persons assembled upon the Place du Capitole, at Toulouse, anxiously awaiting the opening of the theatre doors. The opera announced was the favorite one of "Guillaume Tell," the part of *Mathilde* by Mademoiselle Pauline Duveyrier, a young actress who had but recently made her *début* upon the stage, but yet by her fine voice and correct musical taste, her beauty and elegance, had already become no inconsiderable favorite with the music-loving and critical population of Toulouse. What rendered her success the more remarkable was, that her name was one quite unknown in the theatrical world, and that, without any previous training in inferior establishments, she had stepped upon the boards of one of the best provincial theatres in France, and by her unquestionable ability, at once secured herself a firm footing. It was understood that she was of respectable family, and had not been originally intended for an actress; but that the sudden death of her father in insolvent circumstances, had compelled her to exert for her support those musical talents which she had previously cultivated for her amusement. She had now been about three months on the Toulouse stage; and although assailed during that time

by the various temptations to which her beauty and her position as an actress rendered her peculiarly liable, she had preserved an unblemished reputation, and the extreme correctness of her conduct had been scarcely less matter of comment and admiration than her magnificent voice and her dramatic power.

The doors of the theatre were at length opened, and the pit and galleries instantaneously filled by the crowd that rushed in. Before the hour that was still to pass, previously to the commencement of the performance, had more than half elapsed, the boxes also began to fill; and when the curtain rose, it would have been difficult to find a sitting or standing room for a single person in the whole of the theatre. There was nothing unusual in this crowded state of the house; it was of frequent occurrence when Mademoiselle Duveyrier played, but upon the evening in question a considerable portion of the audience had been attracted to the theatre by other motives than those of admiration of the actress or the opera.

The prima donna, who for several years had had an engagement at the Toulouse theatre, and who still belonged to the company, had deemed herself greatly injured and aggrieved by the triumphant success of Pauline Duveyrier. The defects of her somewhat deteriorated voice and damaged reputation were brought out into strong relief by the fresh tones and perfect propriety of conduct of the *débutante*, whom the manager had, moreover caused to replace her in several of the parts she had been long accustomed to sing, and which she thought the most advantageous for the exhibition of her powers. During the first flush of Pauline's success, it would have been in vain to have attempted organizing anything like a cabal against her; but her rival had waited patiently for an opportunity, which she at last thought she had found, of diminishing the daily increasing popularity of the new actress. Several rich young men, idlers and debauchers by profession, who had been covetous of the notoriety that a *liaison* with an elegant and admired actress would confer upon them, had thought proper to be deeply offended by the firm, and sometimes contemptuous manner in which Mademoiselle Duveyrier had rejected their advances. While their wounded vanity was still smarting, several of these disappointed aspirants met at a gay supper at the house of Pauline's rival, who, by her sarcastic style of rallying them on their bad success, managed to increase their irritation, until it reached the point at which she had aimed. She then represented Pauline as an artful prude, affecting reserve, so long as she found it advantageous so to do; but who could easily forget her rigid principles when it was necessary to propitiate a manager or secure the favor of a critic. By these and other innuendoes she contrived to set even the unprejudiced portion of her guests against the unsuspecting Pauline; and amidst copious libations of champagne, it was agreed that a grand effort should be made to pull down this new goddess of song from the elevation on which the favor or caprice of the public had placed her. The conspirators arranged their plan of operations, and the following Wednesday, when Mademoiselle Duveyrier was to appear for the first time in the part of *Mathilde*, was fixed upon for the execution of the scheme.

Accordingly, on the day in question, a formidable band of hard-handed, loud-voiced ruffians, hired at so much a head by the contrivers of the



plot, assembled at the theatre-door, and entering with the crowd, stationed themselves in groups in various parts of the pit and galleries. They offered no interruption to the earlier part of the opera, but when *Mathilde* made her appearance, and before she had sung three bars of her part, she was greeted with a deafening peal of disapprobation. Hissing, whistling, shouting, yelling, resounded from all parts of the house, and the uproar was maintained with a vigor that for some time drowned the applause of the impartial portion of the audience. The young actress, unaccustomed to such a reception, became pale and red by turns, hesitated, trembled, tried to go on, and finally, terrified and distressed by the clamor, was sinking to the ground, when a gentleman, sitting in one of the stage-boxes, sprang forward, caught her in his arms just in time to prevent her falling, and carried her behind the scenes. The curtain immediately fell.

A regular vocal combat now organized itself in the theatre. The caballers continued their roar of disapprobation, although its object was no longer before them; but the majority of the audience responded by an enthusiastic applause that finally triumphed. Some of the most riotous of the malcontents were expelled from the house, the others were silenced, and there was a universal cry for the continuation of the opera. The manager came forward and said, "That Mademoiselle Duveyrier was too unwell to sing any more that night, but that a favorite vaudeville should be substituted for the remainder of the opera." With this the audience were obliged to content themselves.

The individual who had come so opportunely to the assistance of the young actress, was a Spanish gentleman who had been for some time stopping at one of the principal hotels in Toulouse, and who was known by the name of the *Señor Leon*. After passing the winter in Italy, he was returning to his own country by way of the south of France, when he chanced to pause a day in the capital of Languedoc, and visiting the theatre, was exceedingly struck by the voice and beauty of Pauline Duveyrier. He made various inquiries about her, and was informed that she was a new actress, very popular, and it was said, of unblemished reputation. He countermanded the post-horses he had ordered for the following morning, and had since that day remained at Toulouse, leading a quiet and retired life, and passing his evenings at the theatre whenever Mademoiselle Duveyrier played. He had secured one of the stage-boxes, and every opera night he made his appearance in it while the overture was playing, and remained till the curtain fell upon the last scene of the performance. When Pauline was on the stage, his eyes never once wandered to any object, but were constantly fixed upon her expressive and beautiful countenance, or following her graceful movements. The actress on her part, could not well avoid observing the handsome man of foreign and distinguished appearance, who was unremitting in his attendance upon opera nights, and whose gaze, although so earnest, was in no way either offensive or disrespectful. In time a sort of silent acquaintance seemed to spring up between the actress and her assiduous auditor. Involuntarily, unknown indeed to herself, Pauline's first glance upon making her *entrée* was to the stage-box, where she never failed to read a welcome in the dark, expressive eyes of the Spaniard, although he invariably ab-

stained from joining in the applause lavished on her by the audience.

It is difficult to say how long Leon might have contented himself with thus playing the part of a mute admirer, if the incident already related had not afforded him the opportunity of making Pauline's acquaintance. When he had carried her to her dressing-room, and consigned her to the care of an attendant, he waited behind the scenes till he heard that she was recovered, and then left the theatre. The following day he called at her house, and sent in a request to be allowed to make his personal inquiries concerning her health. It would have been ungracious, if not ungrateful, to have refused to admit him; and although Pauline had, from her very first arrival at Toulouse, declined all visits, upon the plea of her lonely and unprotected position, she could not avoid making an exception in favor of Leon.

If the mere beauty and grace of the actress had made an impression upon the Spaniard, that impression became stronger when he was enabled to judge of her mental perfections and accomplishments. Entirely free from the frivolity and coquetry not uncommon in women of her profession, Pauline was as remarkable for the refinement of her tone and manner, as for the elegance of her mind and the interest excited by her conversation. In the well-bred and intelligent Spaniard, she found one capable of appreciating her, and willing to enjoy her society, without wearying her by professions of attachment, or insulting her by that sort of incense which many men, in his position, would have thought it necessary to offer up on the altar of a young and pretty actress. His visit was prolonged far beyond the usual period of a morning call, without either himself or Pauline being aware of its length, and when at last he rose to depart, he obtained, without difficulty, permission to return upon a future day.

Leon soon became a constant visitor at the house of Mademoiselle Duveyrier, and had many opportunities of observing her correct deportment, and the steady firmness with which she repelled the attempts constantly made to induce her to deviate from it. More than once when he was sitting in her drawing-room, listening to her exquisite performance on the piano, or to her repetition of some difficult melody that she was to sing the same night at the theatre, did her maid enter the apartment with a perfumed billet, accompanying a case of jewels, a pair of brilliant earrings, a necklace, or some other object which the sender had deemed the most likely to tempt the vanity of the actress. Notes and presents were, however, invariably returned unanswered. The only homage of this kind that was ever well received by Pauline, was some magnificent bouquets of choice flowers, with which Leon was in the habit of supplying her. Once, and once only, he ventured to attempt making her a present of another description. He had heard her express admiration of a superb brilliant ring worn by an actress. On her return from rehearsal the following morning, she found a bouquet in her room, of which the most conspicuous flower was a moss-rose, full blown, and in the cup of this rose was placed a ring, far surpassing in beauty the one she had admired. Half an hour afterwards the flower containing the ring was returned to Leon, enveloped in a sheet of paper, on which were written the words, "I do not love roses."

On his next visit he saw his flowers occupying

their accustomed place in an elegant porcelain vase, and Pauline received him with her usual kind frankness of manner. No allusion was ever made by either of them to the incident of the ring.

Meantime Leon's visits to the actress had become matter of much conversation. There was at that time a circle or club at Toulouse, amongst the members of which were numerous young men of good family, resident in the town, or having their estates and *châteaux* in the neighborhood, some of the superior officers of the garrison, and a few foreigners of distinction. Leon had been introduced there by Count Vermejo, a Spanish nobleman who had left his country for political reasons, and had been living for some time at Toulouse. In this club the proceedings of Mademoiselle Duveyrier were matter of frequent discussion, and innumerable were the pieces of scandal here invented or retailed by her disappointed admirers, with the kind intention of casting a slur upon one whose correct life and unpretending manners should have commanded their respect. The utter absence of foundation that distinguished all these inventions caused them to fall rapidly to the ground, and it was with no slight exultation that the *ci-devant* adorners of the actress caught at the pretext afforded them by Leon's visits to her house, for assailing her reputation with redoubled virulence. The absence of all affectation or mystery in the Spaniard's acquaintance with Pauline, at first rather disconcerted the scandal-mongers. His visits were made openly and at mid-day; he never appeared behind the scenes of the theatre, nor seemed in any manner to watch or follow her, and if he met her in the street his salutation was courteous and respectful, without either the familiarity or restraint from which more than a mere acquaintanceship might have been inferred. The mere fact of the visits, therefore, was all there was to build upon, and that fact Leon never attempted to deny, at the same time that he steadily repelled all insinuations against Pauline's fair fame, and discountenanced by every means in his power innuendoes and jests upon this subject. Although not exceedingly intimate with any of his club-fellows, he was generally liked amongst them. Moreover, he was one of those grave, earnest men with whom few persons think it advisable to push a joke beyond its proper limits, and when it was seen that any light and unfitting conversation concerning Mademoiselle Duveyrier was unpleasant to him, that tone was rarely adopted in his presence.

It happened one night that Leon remained at the club later than was his custom, in order to finish a game at chess. It was past midnight when the silence of the room, which had long been deserted by all but the two players, was suddenly broken by the noisy entrance of a dozen young men, who had been dining together at the country-house of one of their number, and had just returned to town, all heated with wine, and some of them more than half intoxicated. The party consisted of five or six *hobereaux* or country gentlemen of the vicinity, three or four staff-officers, and a young banker who had recently managed to get admitted into the club,—an admission which he owed more to his wealth, and to the readiness with which he had obliged certain needy young men of family, than to any agreeable or gentlemanly qualities of his own. He was vulgar, purse-proud, and conceited, and when, as on this occasion, under the influence of wine, he became intolerably assuming and even quarrel-

some. He was, or rather had been, a great admirer of Mademoiselle Duveyrier, to whom, within a few days after her first appearance, he had sent a letter, little remarkable for its good taste or delicacy of expression, containing offers which, however advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, the young actress had repulsed with strong marks of indignation. The letter had been returned in a blank cover, by the hands of the lacquey who brought it, and in whose hearing Mademoiselle Duveyrier gave strict orders to her servants to refuse any other letters or communications from the same quarter. From that day Lavrille, the banker, became the inveterate enemy of the actress. He had been one of the chief organizers of the attempt to crush her theatrical prospects, and since the failure of that plot, had lost no opportunity of venting his malice by attacks upon her character, both private and professional.

The new comers had ridden and driven into town together, and their conversation on the road had been of the theatre, a frequent theme of discussion in French provincial cities. The subject appeared to be not yet exhausted, and while some three or four went to watch the chess players, the others threw themselves upon the sofas and arm-chairs, and continued their loud and laughing commentaries upon actors and actresses, the latter of whom especially seemed to meet with small mercy at their hands. If their ruthless detractors might be believed, the imperfections and failings of those ladies were glaring and manifold. One had false teeth, another false hair, a singer was losing her voice through a too great addiction to the brandy bottle, and a dancer was indebted to cork and cotton for the symmetrical proportions with which she delighted the eyes of the public. It was a festival of scandal, to which each contributed his quota amidst the uproarious applause and laughter of his companions, until at last the banker brought the name of Pauline Duveyrier on the *tapis*. There was a pause, and several glances thrown in the direction of Leon, who was apparently absorbed in his game of chess.

"*Allons, Lavrille,*" said De Roncevalles, a captain on the staff, who liked Leon, and had shown a disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, "that is forbidden ground, you know. No attacks upon the *belle Pauline*, the Bayard of the buskin, *la comedienne sans reproche*."

"*Pshaw! sans reproche,*" replied Lavrille, "'tis easier said than proved. There are some here who could tell tales if they would."

And he turned his insolent, half-drunken stare upon Leon, who remained perfectly undisturbed, his eyes fixed upon the chessboard.

"A credulous generation you are," continued the banker. "Truly your faith is great if it enables you to place reliance on the virtue of a singer, and that singer one who, in spite of her prudery, does not debar herself from *all* society. I could tell you a thing or two that would perhaps shake your trust in this paragon of propriety."

The old gentleman who had been playing at chess with Leon, rose from his chair and left the room. He had given his adversary checkmate. Leon took up a newspaper, and seated himself upon an ottoman at some distance from the talkers.

"You all know Eugene Dalman," said Lavrille to his listeners, who nodded assent. "He started this morning for Paris, and I was with him for an hour previous to his departure. He told me that

the night before last he was returning from a late party at nearly two hours past midnight, and on passing before the house of this phoenix of yours, De Roncevalles, the door was cautiously opened, a man closely muffled in a cloak came out, cast a hasty look around him to see if he were observed, and then walked away at a rapid pace. Rather late hours, methinks, for Lucretia to be receiving visits, eh?"

"Absurd!" replied De Roncevalles. "The house is inhabited by a dozen persons besides Mademoiselle Duveyrier. How can you tell which of them the man had been visiting?"

"Certainly," returned the banker, "it would be impossible to say, if Dalman had not recognized the mysterious cavalier. Having done so, there could no longer be any doubt."

"And who was it?" shouted half-a-dozen of the thoughtless young men, starting from their seats, and surrounding the banker. "Tell us who it was, Lavrille?"

Lavrille hesitated, and glanced at Leon, who had laid down his newspaper, and was listening to what was going on.

"Who was it, Lavrille—who was it?" insisted the young men, amused at the banker's embarrassment, and yet impatient at his delay in satisfying their curiosity. "Pshaw! It's a story of his own invention! He is inspired by the champagne, which has stimulated both his imagination and his malice."

"Ha! an invention of mine," vociferated Lavrille, irritated by the banter of his companions, and forgetting all reserve and prudence. "You take me for a dealer in fictions, but I will prove to you that I am none such. The Señor Leon is the person who was seen coming out of La Duveyrier's house at two in the morning. I leave you to guess whom he had been to visit."

All eyes were turned upon Leon, who rose from his chair, and approached Lavrille.

"You are entirely misinformed in this matter, sir," said the Spaniard, gravely but courteously. "I am acquainted with Mademoiselle Duveyrier, and in the habit of occasionally visiting her, but it has never occurred to me to enter or leave her house after dark. My visits are invariably paid in the daytime."

"Do you mean to say that my friend Dalman is capable of a falsehood?" said the half-intoxicated Lavrille, fiercely. "He told me himself that he had seen and recognized you. I know his word and eyesight to be good, and would trust to them before the assurance of any stiff-necked don breathing, ay, if he were first cousin to the king of his beggarly country."

This attack, conspicuous alike for its violence and bad taste, was met with perfect coolness by Leon.

"You should consider the probabilities a little, Monsieur Lavrille," said he. "Your friend may easily have mistaken, in the darkness, the person of a man who, he himself says, was closely wrapped in a cloak. On the other hand, I pledge my word, that I was never in Mademoiselle Duveyrier's house after dark."

As usually happens in such cases, the coolness of the Spaniard increased tenfold the heat and irritation of his adversary, who, losing all command of himself, literally stuttered and foamed with passion.

"*Vous mentez, Monsieur l'Espagnol,*" shouted he, in a voice rendered shrill by fury. "You lie,

you lie. It was yourself and no other. Pauline Duveyrier *est votre*—"

He was interrupted in his ungentlemanly ravings by the persons present, who crowded round him, and insisted on his moderating his language, and ceasing the uproar he was making.

Meanwhile, the object of all this violence remained perfectly cool and collected. Lavrille became a little calmer, threw himself sullenly into an arm-chair, and then all eyes were turned on Leon, to see how he would treat the gross insult that had been offered to him. The Spaniard's lips were compressed, and he was a degree paler than usual, but no other sign of emotion was visible upon his grave, composed features.

"Now that you are cooler, Monsieur Lavrille," said he, after a short pause, "I feel persuaded that you will retract the offensive expressions which you doubtless already regret having used."

"I never retract, sir," replied Lavrille, with the surly, dogged manner of a man who knows that he is wrong, but has not sufficient courage and good feeling to acknowledge his fault.

"Nevertheless, let me hope that you will deviate from your rule in this instance," returned the Spaniard. "Your friend may easily have been mistaken concerning the identity of a man whom he only imperfectly saw, and I will hold your admission of that possibility as equivalent to a retraction of whatever words you have uttered offensive to Mademoiselle Duveyrier or myself."

"I retract nothing, and I admit nothing," returned Lavrille, sulkily. "If you are not satisfied, you can take your remedy. You know who I am, and where to find me."

"In that case," said Leon, calmly, "I have only to repeat what I have already asserted, that my acquaintance with Mademoiselle Duveyrier has never in any degree overstepped the limits of the strictest propriety; that I never left her house at the time mentioned by Monsieur Lavrille, or at any other undue hour. I pledge my honor to the truth of these assertions, and I trust that the gentlemen here present, will not think it necessary to doubt my word thus solemnly given."

Having thus spoken, he bowed gravely, and left the club.

Leon's departure was the signal for an animated discussion of the scene that had just passed. All united in blaming Lavrille for his intemperate conduct, but opinions were more divided as to the manner in which Leon was likely to resent it. Frenchmen generally have rather a contemptuous idea of Spanish courage, and the majority of the persons who had been present at the dispute, inclined to the opinion that nothing more would come of it, and that Leon would content himself with the explicit contradiction he had given at parting to the assertion of Lavrille's friend, and would overlook the insult that had been offered to himself. Three or four only were of a contrary opinion, and at the head of these was Captain de Roncevalles, who vehemently combatted the notion that things would remain as they were, or that the affair could terminate in any other way than by a duel.

Upon the following afternoon those who believed in the warlike intentions of Leon were greatly surprised and disappointed when they learned from Lavrille that he had as yet received no message from the Spaniard. Nevertheless, the partisans of the latter still maintained that the delay was easily accounted for by the arrangements which a man far away from his own country might have to



make before risking his life in a personal encounter. That evening, however, after the theatre, when Leon was seen as usual at the club engaged in his customary game of chess, and without having taken the steps which all deemed necessary for the vindication of his honor, his warmest advocates found their faith in him somewhat staggered, and on the second day no one any longer doubted that the matter would remain where it was, and that the Spaniard had shown an undeniable white feather. Leon on his part continued to visit the club neither more nor less than he had hitherto done, and either did not observe, or thought fit not to notice, the frosty glances and averted faces of those with whom he had previously been upon a cordial footing. His own manner, always grave and distant, had perhaps acquired an additional shade of reserve, but in no other way did he show himself ill at ease or aware of the altered light in which he stood in the estimation of his acquaintances.

Captain de Roncevalles was the person who appeared most annoyed by the turn the affair had taken. In proportion as he had pinned his faith upon Leon's courage, was he vexed at his having been found wanting, and the friendly sentiments he had hitherto entertained towards the Spaniard were converted into a feeling of contempt and disgust at what he termed his unparalleled poltroonery. Himself exquisitely sensitive in all such matters, he had had numerous duels, and if his encounters of that kind had latterly become less frequent, it was because his consummate skill in the use of sword, pistol, and sabre, and his known readiness to take offence, had rendered people particularly cautious in their behavior towards him. During the week succeeding the dispute between Leon and Lavrille, he was more than once on the brink of a quarrel with some of his intimates, who bantered him on his lack of penetration, and on the readiness with which he had maintained the chivalry of the unworthy countryman of the Cid. Doubly irritated against Leon, on account of his cowardice and of the *persiflage* to which he had laid himself open by expressing confidence in his courage, De Roncevalles took no further notice of the Spaniard, scarcely even returning the salutation addressed to him by the latter when they chanced to meet.

It was late on the seventh evening after the scene at the club, and nearly the same persons were assembled there who had been witnesses of the insult offered to Leon. The conversation had again turned on the cowardly behavior of the Spaniard, and all were loudly condemning it, when the object of their blame entered the room. Hitherto it was by look and manner alone that Leon had been made aware of the contempt in which he was held, but on this occasion De Roncevalles, who was speaking when he entered, continued his angry animadversions without regard to the presence of their object.

"I repeat," cried he, "what I have already said more than once in the presence of all but one of the persons now here assembled. The man who can sit down under an insult when the way to avenge it and vindicate his honor is plain and open before him, is unworthy to associate with gentlemen. I allude to a person who has been admitted into this society, who is even now present in the room, but who will do well to withdraw both from the one and the other."

And then, as if he had been collecting the votes of the assembly, he asked each person for his opinion.

"How say you, De Coney, do you think as I do? And you, De Visme, and you, Victor?"

Each person present distinctly and in turn declared his adhesion to De Roncevalles' opinion. There was then a momentary pause, and all gazed at Leon, who had been a calm observer of this scene, as if they had expected that he would at once depart from amongst those to whom his presence was evidently obnoxious. Instead of doing so, however, he addressed De Roncevalles in a voice of which the tones were firm and clear, although somewhat sad.

"Am I the person, Captain de Roncevalles," he said, "to whom allusion has been made in what has just passed?"

The officer bowed slightly, while a contemptuous smile curled his lip.

"Will you oblige me by stating distinctly whether the insult offered me by yourself and these gentlemen had its origin in what occurred a few days ago between Monsieur Lavrille and myself, and in my not having resented the insolence of that person's conduct towards me? I can only suppose that to be your motive."

"You are perfectly correct in your supposition, sir," replied De Roncevalles; "but I really cannot conjecture what you are driving at."

"That shall soon be explained. I may not have been disposed to take notice of Monsieur Lavrille's conduct, but I am perfectly prepared to resent that of Captain de Roncevalles. I presume the latter will not object to give me a meeting to-morrow at such an hour, and with such weapons as may be agreeable to himself."

There was a pause of breathless astonishment in the room. For nearly a minute the buzz of a fly might have been heard. That the man who had pusillanimously shrunk from an encounter with the clumsy sot, Lavrille, whom the least expert duellist would have held a cheap bargain, should coolly provoke so formidable a *sabreur* as De Roncevalles, was an enigma not easily to be solved. De Roncevalles himself was for the moment thunderstruck by the Spaniard's temerity, but immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied in a tone of greater courtesy than he had hitherto adopted,

"I might refuse your challenge, sir, and perhaps ought to do so, upon the ground that you have submitted patiently to a former insult. But you are a foreigner, and one of whom I formerly thought well, and I will waive the objection I might fairly raise. Captain de Visme," continued he, to an officer of hussars who was present, "will you be good enough to arrange matters with the friend whom Señor Leon may think proper to appoint?"

Leon named the Count Vermejo as his second, and then left the house.

In a pleasant and secluded meadow to the right of the road from Toulouse to Albi, five persons were assembled within six hours of the scene last narrated, at five o'clock on a brilliant July morning. The sun was shining as it is wont to shine from the first to the last day of the glorious summer of Languedoc, the hedgerows and coppices were enamelled with wild flowers, the lark sang merrily aloft, the cuckoo uttered its sweet but monotonous note in the distance, and a streamlet rippling under the shadow of some venerable oaks, added its refreshing tinkle to the concourse of pleasant sounds. Amid the loveliest of God's works, two human beings were met to deface his image.

The weapon fixed upon was the small sword, which had been proposed by Captain de Visme, and accepted, without hesitation, by the other second. The preparations for the duel were soon completed; the doctor retired to a short distance, and looked to his instruments; the seconds, who had already agreed on all the conditions of the combat, placed their men, and delivered to them the long slender swords with which they were to bring their quarrel to an issue. Leon was, as usual, perfectly cool and collected; De Roncevalles the same, only on his countenance might be read a feeling of uncertainty, a doubt what he ought to think of the man who, after shrinking from the contest with one opponent, gave such indications of calm courage on being placed face to face with a far more formidable foe.

The swords were crossed, and at a given signal the fight began, cautiously at first, each combatant being evidently desirous of ascertaining the degree of skill possessed by his antagonist. De Roncevalles was the first to take the offensive by a feint and a lunge that the Spaniard parried with ease. Several passes were then made, but Leon showed a disposition to keep on the defensive, while his opponent, on the other hand, excited by the clash and grinding of the steel, became each moment more fierce and dangerous in his attacks. After some rapid passes, during which the swords flashed and played round each other like lines of light, blood was seen to flow from Leon's shoulder. The seconds stepped forward, but the wounded man waved them off. The hurt was trifling, and the combat continued.

In few countries are so many good swordsmen to be met with as in France; and De Roncevalles was remarkable even amongst Frenchmen for his skill in fence. On this occasion, however, he had met his match, or, as the lookers on thought, more than his match. The seconds were of opinion that had Leon chosen to exert the skill which he evidently possessed, he might have terminated the contest in its earlier stage, in a manner fatal to his adversary. De Roncevalles got vexed, and, heated by the obstinate resistance he met with, he became less careful, risked more, and once or twice laid himself open in a manner by which Leon might easily have profited. But the latter neglected doing so, until at last, taking advantage of a violent and imprudent assault made by his antagonist, he brought his *forte* in contact with De Roncevalles' *faible*, and the sword of the French officer flew into the air, leaving its owner disarmed, and at the mercy of his adversary. Leon let the point of his weapon fall on the ground.

"If Captain de Roncevalles," said the Spaniard, in the same calm tones, and with the same exquisitely courteous manner for which he was at all times remarkable; "if Captain de Roncevalles is satisfied that I am not the poltroon for whom he has for some days taken me, my object in seeking this duel has been attained, and I am sincerely glad that it has been so at such trifling expense of bloodshed."

The Frenchman stood for a moment, struggling between the better feelings of his nature, and mortification, not unminged with anger, at his defeat. The former prevailed, and he held out his hand to Leon.

"After what has passed," said he, "it would be as absurd in me to doubt your courage as your skill and generosity. I cannot divine your reasons for submitting to the impertinence of that shabby

dog, Lavrille; but whatever they may have been, I at least have now no right to question them. Under all circumstances, Señor Leon, Gerald de Roncevalles is your friend."

"My motives for acting as I have done, are easily explained," returned Leon, smiling; "but, with your permission, I will defer disclosing them until to-night, when those who witnessed what they consider my pusillanimity, will be present to listen to its justification."

The slight wound in Leon's shoulder was now dressed, and the parties left the ground.

Upon the evening of the day on which this duel took place, De Roncevalles and the other young men who had been present at Leon's dispute with Lavrille, were again assembled at the club. The banker alone was absent. He had heard of the occurrences of the morning, and had not thought it advisable to put himself in the way of the man whom he had offended; and who, now he had got his hand in, might, he thought, perhaps call him to an account. De Roncevalles, with eager generosity, had made it his business to tell every one who could possibly have heard of the insinuations circulated against Leon, how well the latter had proved himself a man of honor and courage. It was with extended hands, and smiling countenances, and manifold excuses for past slights, that the Spaniard was received upon entering the club. After these effusions of good feeling had subsided, Leon addressed himself to De Roncevalles.

"I promised you this morning," said he, "that I would explain my motives for overlooking Monsieur Lavrille's insolence, and, what was far more difficult for me to submit to, his unfounded insinuations against a lady for whom I entertain the highest respect. In order to do so, I must go back to an early period of my life, when I was residing at the Havana, in which colony my boyhood and youth were passed. From the age of seventeen, up to my return to Europe, which took place about eight years since, I belonged to a society of young men who passed a large portion of their time in fencing-rooms and pistol-galleries, and most of whom, consequently, became first-rate swordsmen and admirable shots. After a time, weary of snuffing candles with bullets, and marking each other with the chalked buttons of the foils, some of the more restless and hot-headed among us began to covet opportunities of displaying our prowess in a more serious manner. Skill in the use of arms, however ornamental, and often useful an acquirement, has a tendency to make young and thoughtless men quarrelsome, and under the influence of a West Indian sun, the blood easily becomes heated, and the temper irritable. We were twenty in number, all from twenty to twenty-five years of age; all possessed of quick eyes, nervous arms, and that suppleness of limb and muscle which a tropical climate gives. In numerous duels with officers of the garrison, with those of various ships of war lying off the island, with foreigners and with natives, we came off victorious; and soon, encouraged by our success, and cherishing a sort of absurd pride, in the notoriety it gave us, we made it almost our business to seek duels, and scarcely a week passed without one or other of our number having an affair of that nature upon his hands. *Los Veinte*, as we were called, in allusion to our number, soon became the terror of the Havana, and the *Habana* ladies trembled when they saw their sons, husbands, or brothers repair to a *café*, theatre,



or other public place, where they were likely to come in contact with members of our dreaded society.

"Although we were thus, as it might be said, almost at enmity with our fellow-citizens, the most perfect good understanding existed amongst ourselves. We were all young men of competent fortunes, without any occupation in life save that of amusing ourselves. We were in the habit of dining together, three or four times a week, either at a *fonda* or at one or other of our houses, and the utmost harmony and good feeling always reigned at these repasts. The dinner-hour was early, and after the meal, card-playing and conversation, the cigar and the *siesta* filled up the afternoon in the most agreeable manner.

"We were dining one day at the house of a young Valencian, named Luis Villabella, who had just received some choice French and Spanish wines, which he was desirous we should taste. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the dinner had been laid out upon tables in the patio, or inner court of the house, under a thick green awning that effectually excluded the rays of the sun. The repast was excellent, the wines deliciously cool, and we all of us drank enough, some of us perhaps too much. Cards were then produced, and several of the party sat down to play. For some time everything went on pleasantly and quietly, until, on a sudden, a dispute arose at a table on which a game of *tresillo* was played. The four players were all exceedingly intimate and attached friends, two of them were cousins of the name of Rodriguez. At first no one took notice of their discussion, but at length it became so violent, that we interposed to check it. They fiercely rejected our interference, and continued their quarrel with greater vehemence than before.

"A dispute between mere acquaintances is often easy to arrange; a slight concession on either side may do it; but when bosom friends quarrel, it is another matter. They know each other's weak points, and where to strike, so as to give the greatest pain and leave the most rankling smart. It was so in this instance. The quarrel, which had had its origin in some slight misunderstanding about the cards, became envenomed; allusions were exchanged, especially between the two cousins, unintelligible to the bystanders, but which seemed to stimulate to the utmost the rage of the persons to whom they were addressed. At last, in an access of unbounded fury, one of the Rodriguez hurled a pack of cards at his cousin's head, at the same moment that one of the other disputants, incensed almost to madness, spat contemptuously on the ground, and applied to his adversary the most insulting epithet that the Spanish language possesses. Then, as if exhausted by this display of ungovernable passion, the aggressors threw themselves, pale and panting, into their chairs. The two others approached the master of the house, and asked for his swords.

"A feeble attempt was made to patch up the quarrel, but we all saw that it would be in vain. Things had gone too far. The tables were cleared away, and dust was sprinkled over the marble flags of the patio, to prevent the combatants from slipping. Villabella had only one pair of swords. The buttons were snapped off a pair of foils, the points hastily filed, and the four gladiators posted themselves opposite each other, rage, and deadly determination on their pallid countenances.

"I have seen many duels, but I shall never forget that one. Such fiendish fury and blood-thirst-

iness! They fought too fiercely for the contest to last long. In the very first passes, all were more or less wounded, but they persevered, although the pavement soon became slippery with blood. We more than once tried to interfere, but were repelled at the sword's point. In less than a quarter of an hour, two of the combatants lay corpses upon the ground, a third was desperately wounded, and the fourth, the younger Rodriguez, was lying upon the lifeless body of his cousin, tearing his hair, and cursing himself, in a frantic paroxysm of grief and remorse.

"I sailed for Europe soon after that sad event," continued Leon, after a short pause; "but before I did so, our society met once more to register a vow, which I for one have strictly kept. With joined hands, and heads uncovered, we swore upon the cross never to provoke a duel, except under these circumstances, namely, when we should be insulted on account of a previous act of forbearance. Thus my oath prevented me from resenting the offence offered me by Monsieur Lavrille, but as soon as a third person insulted me for not having noticed it, I was at liberty to call him to account for so doing. I know not whether such a system, or any modification of it, may be susceptible of general application, but it is perhaps not altogether unworthy the consideration of those who are desirous of doing away with the argument of the sword. That duels can ever be entirely abolished I much doubt, but I am fully convinced that means might be found of rendering them of far less frequent occurrence."

On a bright and cheerful morning about a fortnight after the duel between Leon and De Roncevalles, a long line of equipages was formed before the church of St. Catherine, at Toulouse. Presently a brilliant bridal party began to issue from the church-door; gay uniforms, nodding plumes, silks, jewels, and flowers; dashing officers, dapper civilians, and lovely women, the dark-eyed sons and daughters of southern France were there. Between De Roncevalles and his sister, a charming Parisian belle, came the Spaniard Leon, supporting on his arm the graceful form of Pauline Duveyrier. He shook his former antagonist heartily by the hand, Mademoiselle de Roncevalles kissed Pauline on both cheeks, and then Leon handed the latter into an elegant travelling carriage, on which a coat of arms, surmounted by a coronet, was emblazoned. The horses' heads were turned southward, and amidst bright smiles, and waving kerchiefs, and countless good wishes, the Marquis of Leon y Caceres and his bride set off for Madrid.

#### ON VISITING A MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

By Heaven directed, by the world reviled,  
Amidst the wilderness they sought a home,  
Where beasts of prey, and men of murder roam,  
And untamed Nature holds her revels wild.  
There on their pious toils their Master smiled,  
And prospered them, unknown or scorned of men,  
Till, in the satyr's haunt and dragon's den,  
A garden bloomed, and savage hordes grew mild.  
So, in the guilty heart, when heaven's grace  
Enters, it ceaseth not till it uproot  
All evil passions from each hidden cell;  
Planting again an Eden in their place,  
Which yields to men and angels pleasant fruit,  
And God himself delighteth there to dwell.

PRINGLE.



## THE POLITICS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[*Tait's Magazine*, from which we copy the following article is Radical in politics;—and in religion opposed to the Church of England, and may be considered Independent. Our readers will not like all its conclusions—but the premises can hardly be disputed.]

It is less necessary just now to offer any elaborate apology for the seemingly heterogeneous combination contained in the above heading, than it would have been some ten or fifteen years ago. That "Religion has nothing to do with Politics"—once familiarly admitted, by Liberals especially, almost as a truism—is fast dying out as a paradox; and men are coming to see that religion has something—much—everything to do with politics. All our great political questions are, in fact, daily running more and more into religious questions. In Ireland, religion is—what, indeed, it long has been, but perhaps is now more than at any previous time—the chief element of the "chief difficulty." In Scotland, religion has recently effected a dislocation and break-up of political parties, the full consequences of which yet remain to be developed. In England—not to speak of the church-rate and church-court questions—the first and greatest of all our national interests—education, is at a dead-lock, because religious differences stop the way. All our politics are every day becoming more religious, and our religion more political. Free-trade orators quote Scripture like clergymen, and free-trade sermons are preached from pulpits. The Anti-Corn-Law League receives aid from a Dissenting minister's Anti-Corn-Law Conference; and the struggle between the land-owning and manufacturing interests is likewise, incidentally but effectually, a struggle between the ecclesiastical and the dissenting interests. The leaders of the Complete Suffrage movement are leaders also in the Anti-State Church movement. Again, if Free-trade has been taken up almost as a Dissenter's question, the Ten-hours' bill has been made a sort of Church question. We have seen the clergy of Leeds and Huddersfield agitate side by side with Messrs. Ferrand and Oastler; and that very high-church divine, Dr. Hook, is of opinion (in which we are very much of his way of thinking) that a clergyman is in his proper place, when taking the chair at a working-men's meeting. Chartism is a religion, and founds its churches; and Socialism takes the benefit of the Act of Toleration, as a Protestant Dissenting sect of Rational Religionists, and gets its lecturers and missionaries licensed as Protestant Dissenting ministers. Puseyism is a political, as much as a religious movement. This curious revival of the old ecclesiastical Christianity, was in point of fact, a reaction against Schedule A, and certain of its anticipated consequences; and already is the theology of the Oxford Professor of Hebrew respectably represented in Parliament, where it forms the bond of a growing political party—a "New Generation" of British statesmen—a senatorial Young England.

In the tendency which these signs of the times variously indicate, to a nearer connexion of religion with politics, there is nothing that need surprise us. The connexion is rooted in the nature of things. Whatever we may think of the alliance of Church and State, the alliance of religion and politics is one of indisputable legitimacy. Every religion, every mode of religious belief and opinion, is more or less directly related to the social moralities; and laws and institutions are the organs

through which these express themselves—the body of which they are the soul. Every theory of Divine Providence and government draws after it, rather includes in it, a corresponding theory of human destination; therefore, of human duties; therefore, of human rights; therefore, of the civil and social arrangements under which the destination may best be attained, and the rights and duties most worthily realized.\* All which especially holds good of such a religion as the Christian—so practical, so human, so rich and full in its everyday moralities. As Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Puseyism, Puritanism, Catholicism, Quakerism, Benthamism have, each of them, their politics—have, each of them, a natural affinity to certain political ideas and maxims—so we propose to inquire what are the politics of that which was before them all, and will survive them all, the religion of the New Testament.

By this we do not mean to ask, what form of government, in Church or State, does the New Testament authoritatively declare to be the best? For we are not aware that the New Testament declares anything about the matter. In the obvious, superficial sense of the word, the New Testament has no politics. The Founder of Christianity and his first followers did not interfere with forms and modes of civil government, otherwise than to teach (in opposition to the popular Judaical fanaticism, which refused tribute to Caesar, on the ground that legitimacy and divine right were limited to the house of David) that all governments, which answer the common purposes of social union, are equally legitimate and of divine right—for "the powers that be are ordained of God." They contented themselves with announcing broad and everlasting moral truths, destined, in the progress of time, gradually to regenerate society, and remould governments and politics into their own likeness. Neither shall we now inquire, what do New Testament texts say as to the proper objects and limits (if any) of civil allegiance? Whether the Quaker interpretation of "Resist not evil," and the Tory interpretation of "Be subject to the higher powers," be sound or unsound, are points which we leave to the solution of theological exegesis. With any question of controverted texts and dogmas we have here no concern. Nor do we undertake the task of constructing from New Testament texts a systematic confession of political faith, or code of political morals; for we are not aware that the New Testament affords data for anything of the sort. It would, in truth, be wonderful if it did. All the circumstances of our civilization differ so widely from those of the age and generation to which the gospel was first promulgated, that the letter of its records cannot be expected to throw much direct light on the details of our political rights and duties. With reference, for example, to those two prominent and all-influencing elements of our present social state—representative institutions and the press—with all the manifold rights and duties connected with and resulting from them, the New Testament yields us, of course, no specific textual guidance. Our electoral and politico-literary morality we are left to work out for ourselves, in the light of those broad principles of social duty which constitute the essence of the Christian ethics. The New Testament is so far from teaching politics systematically, that it leaves even the question of *private property*

\* See this well worked out by Jouffroy, in some of his *Mélanges Philosophiques*.

an open question—the earlier precedents of the church seeming to favor community of goods, its subsequent history indicating the legitimacy, or at least permissibility, of individual appropriation. Leaving, then, all questions of texts and textual controversy, as belonging to the theologian rather than the political moralist, we shall simply inquire, What great general truths in the philosophy of social morals—what ideas and principles having a political bearing—are consecrated by the general tone and tenor of the volume which Christians revere as their rule of faith and practice? What moral lessons may the politician learn from that vast fact in the economy of Providence, that stupendous spiritual revolution, whose opening scenes the books of the New Testament disclose?

"The Christian religion," says Novalis, in words which frequent quotation has rendered familiar to us, "is the root of all democracy—the highest fact in the Rights of Man." We believe that this utterance of high-flown "German mysticism," as some worthy people call it, is a piece of as true and sober truth as ever was spoken. The Christian religion, taken from the most general point of view from which we can regard it—as a great moral and spiritual fact in the history of the world—consecrates and sanctifies those principles from which democracy most naturally springs, on which it most securely rests, by which human rights are most effectually vindicated, and which the tyrants and oppressors of mankind most heartily detest.

Thus, Christianity consecrates the principle of *appealing directly to the common people* on the very highest and deepest questions of human interest. The gospel treats the popular intellect with respect and friendliness. There is nothing esoteric in its doctrines or spirit. "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops,"—is the mandate of its beneficent Founder. It recognizes no aristocracy of caste or class, of birth or office—no aristocracy of intellect even: it "honors all men," by addressing itself to faculties and feelings which all men in common possess. That "the poor have the gospel preached unto them" is adduced by Jesus as one of the most distinctive signs of his divine mission: and it is this, more than anything else, which constitutes the gospel a great fact—the greatest of facts—in the philosophy of the Rights of Man. This preaching of a gospel to the poor assumes that the poor have faculties for the appreciation of the profoundest of moral truths; that there is nothing too good to be given to them; that the enlightening of their understandings, the awakening of their feelings, the guiding of their aspirations to spiritual beauty, truth, and good, is a work worthy of the highest order of intelligence. The Christian religion is the loftiest wisdom descending, without any parade of condescension, to commune with the deepest ignorance—lifting up its voice, not in the schools of learning and science, but in the highways of human intercourse, in the very streets and market-places. Here, we take it, is the Education question settled, once for all, on the highest authority. The old Tory anti-education clamor about the danger of raising poor people's minds above their station in life, is rebuked by the example of the inspired Teacher of the world. For, the sort of knowledge on which this dangerous tendency is most obviously chargeable, the knowledge which most powerfully raises men's minds above the level of the vulgar working

world, is given freely and without reserve to all. Surely, if the doctrines of the Christian theology are not too stimulating a nutriment for common minds, neither is chemistry, nor geology, nor poetry, nor mathematics. The whole circle of the arts and sciences is, we apprehend, less calculated to raise poor people's minds above the station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place them, than is the disclosure of mysteries, into which, as we are told, "the angels desire to look."

The gospel is, then, an appeal to the many, the millions, the common people; assumes a capacity in the common people receptive of the deepest and weightiest of moral truths. It is more than this. It is an appeal to the many against the few—to the people *against their rulers*. Such, taken historically, is the most obvious external aspect of the public preaching of Jesus. It was a stirring-up of the soul of the Hebrew commonalty into protest and spiritual revolt against a vicious ecclesiastical government. It was an endeavor to create in Palestine an enlightened public opinion, a pure and earnest public morality, adverse to the influence of the constituted authorities, and to the permanence of the existing order of things. That it was infinitely more than this—that this politico-moral feature of the teachings of Jesus was by no means the whole, nor even the chief part, of their significance—we have, of course, no intention to deny. Still, it *was* this: to say that Christianity does present this aspect, among others, is simply to state an historical fact. Jesus of Nazareth taught the Jewish people, with the utmost freedom and plainness, a morality subversive of the influence of their rulers; taught them to distrust those rulers as "blind," and to scorn them as "hypocrites." Here, then, we have another great political truth, resting on the highest authority, and exemplified in the most illustrious of precedents.—The gospel consecrates the principle of moral-force agitation. It recognizes the right and duty of insurrection—the insurrection, that is, of the heart and understanding against hypocrisy and falsehood—though the hypocrisy and falsehood sit in the very seat of Moses, and are environed with the *prestige* of antiquity and legitimacy. It keeps no terms, except those of truth, with consecrated turpitude, and legitimate old-established iniquity. It brings human authorities, the most reverend and time-honored—human institutions, the most securely hedged round by tradition, popular veneration, and the use and wont of ages, to the test of eternal and divine moralities, proclaiming that every tree not of God's planting shall be rooted up. It speaks the plainest truths about public men in the plainest way. "Hypocrites," "extortioners," "serpents," "vipers," "children of hell"—such is the dialect in which the New Testament speaks of corrupt and unprincipled rulers. The spirit of the book is that of antagonism to existing ideas and established authorities. The first preaching of the gospel drove constituted authorities mad with rage; scared a guilty tetrarch, and made a Roman governor tremble; and its written page\* denounces the oppressions and frauds of "rich men" of the landlord class, in a tone which now-a-days would be thought to savor of the League, or even the charter. What, precisely, may be the meaning of "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,"

\* James, ch. v.

we do not here undertake to say: but the meaning of this and similar texts clearly is *not* that they to whom Providence has given the power of instructing the minds and stirring the hearts of their fellow-men, are to shrink from denouncing public immoralities, and agitating against public wrongs. Never was a greater mistake than that which is made when despots and aristocracies encourage poor people to read the Bible, in the hope of quieting them down under oppression. For any such purpose the Bible is about the unfittest book in all literature. Whenever the Bible is read with the understanding and the heart, it will strengthen men's sense of right, and quicken their sensibilities to wrong—sanctify what tyrants call "sedition," by the example of a long line of agitators of the prophet and apostle class—and consecrate, as religion, a sturdy, defiant opposition to all manner of Pharaohs, Ahab's, Herods, Pilates, and Chief Priests.

The politics of the New Testament are *anti-hierarchical*. The whole book is an emphatic proclamation of religious equality; not that mere equality of sect with sect which seems to be at present our current interpretation of this "peculiar doctrine of the gospel," but the equality of man with man. The Christian religion knows nothing of human priesthods—other than the priesthood that is common to all good men and true, who render to their Maker the sacrifice of worthy deeds springing out of honest hearts. Not to a select and episcopally-ordained few, but to "strangers scattered abroad," does the gospel address the honorable title of a "holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices." Christianity broke down the old priestly monopoly—Jewish and heathen—and made every man "king and priest unto God" on his own account. It neither recognizes nor constitutes any sacerdotal caste, any spiritual aristocracy, (Episcopalian or Presbyterian,) any order of men standing in *ex-officio* relations to Deity. It makes the relation of man to God individual and immediate. The Christianity that lifts a mitred front in courts and parliaments is not the Christianity of Christ. Uppermost rooms at feasts, chief seats in synagogues, and all the other great and small prizes of ecclesiastical ambition—including the "Rabbi, Rabbi," (or, as we phrase it, Very Reverend, Right Reverend, Most Reverend,)—are discarded and disowned by Him whose kingdom is not of this world. Marvellous it is, how, not the spirit only, but the very letter of the New Testament, is set at nought by our modern priesthods. Christ said, in that grandly-awful *concio ad populum* which closed the series of his public teachings, "Call no man your Father upon the earth:" yet "Father," "Right Reverend Father," "Right Reverend Father in God," is the style and title of modern Christian Episcopacy. Why do not they, for very shame's sake, score out the text at once, as an heretical interpolation?

The gospel is a consecration of the principle and spirit of *Protestantism*; of the principle and spirit of free inquiry in matters of religious belief, of individual earnestness in moral conduct, of progressive reform in social institutions. Christianity makes no account of legitimacy, antiquity, or majorities. It is a protest for the practical spiritual needs of "the hour that now is," against the tyranny of traditions inherited from the past. Such a thing as the fastening of the creed of one generation on the faith of all succeeding ones, in

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an open question—the earlier precedents of the church seeming to favor community of goods, its subsequent history indicating the legitimacy, or at least permissibility, of individual appropriation. Leaving, then, all questions of texts and textual controversy, as belonging to the theologian rather than the political moralist, we shall simply inquire, What great general truths in the philosophy of social morals—what ideas and principles having a political bearing—are consecrated by the general tone and tenor of the volume which Christians revere as their rule of faith and practice? What moral lessons may the politician learn from that vast fact in the economy of Providence, that stupendous spiritual revolution, whose opening scenes the books of the New Testament disclose?

"The Christian religion," says Novalis, in words which frequent quotation has rendered familiar to us, "is the root of all democracy—the highest fact in the Rights of Man." We believe that this utterance of high-flown "German mysticism," as some worthy people call it, is a piece of as sound and sober truth as ever was spoken. The Christian religion, taken from the most general point of view from which we can regard it—as a great moral and spiritual fact in the history of the world—consecrates and sanctifies those principles from which democracy most naturally springs, on which it most securely rests, by which human rights are most effectually vindicated, and which the tyrants and oppressors of mankind most heartily detest.

Thus, Christianity consecrates the principle of *appealing directly to the common people* on the very highest and deepest questions of human interest. The gospel treats the popular intellect with respect and friendliness. There is nothing esoteric in its doctrines or spirit. "What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops,"—is the mandate of its beneficent Founder. It recognizes no aristocracy of caste or class, of birth or office—no aristocracy of intellect even: it "honors all men," by addressing itself to faculties and feelings which all men in common possess. That "the poor have the gospel preached unto them" is adduced by Jesus as one of the most distinctive signs of his divine mission: and it is this, more than anything else, which constitutes the gospel a great fact—the greatest of facts—in the philosophy of the Rights of Man. This preaching of a gospel to the poor assumes that the poor have faculties for the appreciation of the profoundest of moral truths; that there is nothing too good to be given to them; that the enlightening of their understandings, the awakening of their feelings, the guiding of their aspirations to spiritual beauty, truth, and good, is a work worthy of the highest order of intelligence. The Christian religion is the loftiest wisdom descending, without any parade of condescension, to commune with the deepest ignorance—lifting up its voice, not in the schools of learning and science, but in the highways of human intercourse, in the very streets and market-places. Here, we take it, is the Education question settled, once for all, on the highest authority. The old Tory anti-education clamor about the danger of raising poor people's minds above their station in life, is rebuked by the example of the inspired Teacher of the world. For, the sort of knowledge on which this dangerous tendency is most obviously chargeable, the knowledge which most powerfully raises men's minds above the level of the vulgar working

world, is given freely and without reserve to all. Surely, if the doctrines of the Christian theology are not too stimulating a nutriment for common minds, neither is chemistry, nor geology, nor poetry, nor mathematics. The whole circle of the arts and sciences is, we apprehend, less calculated to raise poor people's minds above the station of life in which it has pleased Providence to place them, than is the disclosure of mysteries, into which, as we are told, "the angels desire to look."

The gospel is, then, an appeal to the many, the millions, the common people; assumes a capacity in the common people receptive of the deepest and weightiest of moral truths. It is more than this. It is an appeal to the many against the few—to the people *against their rulers*. Such, taken historically, is the most obvious external aspect of the public preaching of Jesus. It was a stirring-up of the soul of the Hebrew commonalty into protest and spiritual revolt against a vicious ecclesiastical government. It was an endeavor to create in Palestine an enlightened public opinion, a pure and earnest public morality, adverse to the influence of the constituted authorities, and to the permanence of the existing order of things. That it was infinitely more than this—that this politico-moral feature of the teachings of Jesus was by no means the whole, nor even the chief part, of their significance—we have, of course, no intention to deny. Still, it *was* this: to say that Christianity does present this aspect, among others, is simply to state an historical fact. Jesus of Nazareth taught the Jewish people, with the utmost freedom and plainness, a morality subversive of the influence of their rulers; taught them to distrust those rulers as "blind," and to scorn them as "hypocrites." Here, then, we have another great political truth, resting on the highest authority, and exemplified in the most illustrious of precedents.—The gospel consecrates the principle of moral-force agitation. It recognizes the right and duty of insurrection—the insurrection, that is, of the heart and understanding against hypocrisy and falsehood—though the hypocrisy and falsehood sit in the very seat of Moses, and are environed with the *prestige* of antiquity and legitimacy. It keeps no terms, except those of truth, with consecrated turpitude, and legitimate old-established iniquity. It brings human authorities, the most reverend and time-honored—human institutions, the most securely hedged round by tradition, popular veneration, and the use and wont of ages, to the test of eternal and divine moralities, proclaiming that every tree not of God's planting shall be rooted up. It speaks the plainest truths about public men in the plainest way. "Hypocrites," "extortioners," "serpents," "vipers," "children of hell"—such is the dialect in which the New Testament speaks of corrupt and unprincipled rulers. The spirit of the book is that of antagonism to existing ideas and established authorities. The first preaching of the gospel drove constituted authorities mad with rage; scared a guilty tetrarch, and made a Roman governor tremble; and its written page\* denounces the oppressions and frauds of "rich men" of the landlord class; in a tone which now-a-days would be thought to savor of the League, or even the charter. What, precisely, may be the meaning of "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,"

\* James, ch. v.

we do not here undertake to say: but the meaning of this and similar texts clearly is *not* that they to whom Providence has given the power of instructing the minds and stirring the hearts of their fellow-men, are to shrink from denouncing public immoralities, and agitating against public wrongs. Never was a greater mistake than that which is made when despots and aristocracies encourage poor people to read the Bible, in the hope of quieting them down under oppression. For any such purpose the Bible is about the unfittest book in all literature. Whenever the Bible is read with the understanding and the heart, it will strengthen men's sense of right, and quicken their sensibilities to wrong—sanctify what tyrants call "sedition," by the example of a long line of agitators of the prophet and apostle class—and consecrate, as religion, a sturdy, defiant opposition to all manner of Pharaohs, Ahab's, Herods, Pilates, and Chief Priests.

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nounces principles, it breathes a spirit, the universal prevalence of which would at once make oligarchy and despotism moral impossibilities. By its doctrine of human equality and brotherhood, it ignores all social distinctions, except the immutable natural distinctions between wisdom and folly, righteousness and iniquity. It denounces all mammon-worship, and title-worship. Its social spirit is that of a republican simplicity, equality and self-respect. It recognizes no aristocracy but that of personal goodness, tested by social usefulness: "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." It is a very levelling gospel. Its early triumphs consisted, as the apostle eloquently boasts, in the foolish, and weak, and base things of the world confounding the wise, and mighty, and honored. The history of Christianity is that of a revolution which began with what cabinet-ministers and bishops call "the dregs of the people," and mounted upward and upward till it scaled and captured the throne of the Cæsars. The raising of valleys, and laying low of hills, was the burden of the prophetic announcement of the gospel's approach; and the "glory to God in the highest," which angels announced as its final aim, can only be realized when "peace on earth and good-will among men" shall be established universally on the basis of political justice.

The politics of the New Testament are in direct antagonism to the old heathen politics. These sacrificed the individual to the state; treated the state as everything, and the individual (except in his relations to the state) as nothing. In Christianity, the individual is everything; the state—otherwise than as an aggregate of individuals—nothing. National wealth, power, greatness, glory, manufacturing interest, commercial interest, agricultural interest, colonial and shipping interest, splendor and dignity of the crown, glorious constitution, and the like—all these are nothing, in the politics of Christianity, except as representative of, or conducive to, the physical and moral well-being of individual men, women, and children: all are worse than nothing, if the happiness and virtue of individuals are to be sacrificed to their support. Not as a mere "member of society," not as a mere fractional part of a vast and multitudinous whole called "community," does Christianity take notice of the individual, but as an immortal child of God, having his own life to live, his own character to form, his own individuality to develop, his own soul to save. How deep this doctrine goes! It is the most revolutionary thing we have. It implies the radical falsity and wickedness of all social arrangements which demand the sacrifice of individual intellect, morality, and spiritual health, to the abstraction called Society. Under the Christian charter of human rights and code of human duties, man—every man—has a destiny of his own to work out, a nature of his own to develop, up to its highest possibility of health and strength; and whatever obstructs him in this, Christianity implicitly condemns. "Let my people go, saith the Lord, that they may serve Me,"—is the plea of the Hebrew liberator for the emancipation of his race; and never were the rights of man advocated on a broader ground. The words are Jewish, but the spirit is Christian. Political enfranchisement, as the condition preliminary of a true and entire service of God; civil rights, as needful to intellectual and moral health; social justice, as the atmosphere in which the virtues and charities best grow,—there is a principle here wide enough

to cover the whole field of political reform. The aim of Christianity is the perfecting of the individual in whatsoever things are true, honest, just, virtuous, and lovely; and whatever, in social custom or legislative enactment, hinders the accomplishment of this aim, is unchristian and anti-christian.

Here is the condemnation of slavery: and of some other things beside. The question, "Can a dependent elector be, in mental honesty and self-respect, a perfect Christian man?" contains the core of the Ballot controversy. The question, "Can a clergyman, with his bread, and his children's bread, contingent on his unfaltering profession of belief in a particular set of theological opinions, faithfully discharge the Christian duty of proving all things?" is decisive as to the morality of enforced subscription to creeds and articles. The question, "Can a soldier, whose trade is homicide by word of command, whose profession is the abnegation of moral responsibility for the most responsible act a human creature can commit, be a living example of the Christian virtues of benevolence and justice?" settles the anti-christianity of standing armies. The question, "Can a grossly ignorant man be, at all points, a thorough Christian man?" is a short argument for national education. And the question, "Can a man, woman, or child, that is over-worked, under-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clad, enjoy intellectual and moral health, realize the spiritual development contemplated by the Christian gospel?" brings religion into the whole of our social economics. The right of the individual to the means of spiritual life and growth, to leisure, rest, recreation, physical and domestic comfort, as the conditions of his soul's health,—if this be not instantly decisive of the question of the ten-hours' bill, it is only because some other and nearer questions stand, for the present, between us and that; and because there would be no Christianity in legislating to make bad worse. But there the question is, waiting for us, to be settled when those other things shall have been put out of the way. That is not a Christian state of society, which, for some millions of the people, renders the culture of the home virtues and affections little better than a physical impossibility. The taint of anti-christianity is on all social arrangements that hinder or abridge the spiritual growth of human beings.

A still more delicate inquiry opens on us, in this connexion. Is *Royalty*, thus tested, a Christian institution? Looking at the manifold and sore temptations to pride, sloth, self-indulgence, self-willedness, and hard-heartedness, incident to a *status* which hedges round, as with a sort of divinity, a fallible, imperfect (perhaps vicious and worthless) mortal; places him in artificial and false relations to his fellow-men; blunts his human sympathies by excluding from his ken the realities of human action and suffering; raises him above the possibility of anything like a free and equal friendship, removes him out of the hearing of disagreeable truths, softens down his vices into venial foibles, and exaggerates the most common-place amiabilities of temper or manner into extraordinary virtues,—it seems fairly open to a question whether the monarchical institution is one that could exist in a thoroughly Christianized community. Has society a right, for the sake of any mere temporal and political convenience, (real or supposed,) to subject a human creature to such tremendous moral disadvantages? The query may strike



some readers as a rather unorthodox one, but we have good episcopal authority for it. In a sermon by the present Bishop of London, we find the sad case of sovereigns stated in a way that cannot but awaken the keenest sympathies, and seems calculated even to alarm the conscience of society. After a feeling exhibition of the all-but unbearable load of political anxieties and responsibilities that presses upon crowned heads, the bishop proceeds:—"But all these disadvantages, and difficulties, and cares, are of little moment, compared with the dangers which surround the wearer of a crown, considered as a servant of God, a steward of his household, a member of Christ's church, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. How difficult to *them*, above all other persons, must it be to realize the precept, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world,' when the world so assiduously spreads all its most seductive temptations before them, and courts their enjoyment of its pleasures. With every wish anticipated, or gratified as soon as expressed, with an unrestricted command of all the resources of luxury and art, living within a fence of ceremony and observance, which the voice of truth can hardly penetrate, and even when heard at distant intervals, perhaps may shock by its unwonted and unwelcome sound, how is it possible for them not to become 'lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?' How can they be brought to learn the peculiar lessons which *must* be learned by all the disciples of that Master who said, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart'?"\* The right reverend preacher is, it must be confessed, less happy in his solution of the problem than in the statement of it. He tells us plainly, *it is a case for omnipotence*:—"Our Saviour's answer to his disciples, when they inquired how any rich man could be saved, must be ours. 'With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible.' \* \* \* He can endow the mightiest monarch with the graces of the lowliest saint. This is indeed one of the noblest triumphs of his almighty power."

From all which, the bishop makes out a strong argument for "the duty of prayer and intercession for our rulers." The conclusion strikes us, however, as being much narrower than the premises warrant and require. Have we any right, as a Christian community, to place our rulers in such a predicament that their salvation becomes (humanly speaking) an impossibility, a subject for the noblest triumphs of almighty power?—is an inquiry which the episcopal reasoning irresistibly suggests. The moral and religious grievances of the sovereign class seem, like the physical and social grievances of the negro-slave class, or the factory-child class, to call for some more tangible and mundane mode of redress than "prayer and intercession." Our preacher takes too desponding a tone. He treats the royal soul as though it were already in *extremis*, rejects all ordinary medical appliances as unavailing, and has nothing to recommend for his spiritual patient but the administration of the last rites of the church. The writer of the above-quoted condemnation of the monarchical institution ought, in consistency, to be, if not a downright republican, at least a most strenuous advocate of whatever tends to the relaxation or abandonment of an etiquette adverse

to Christian sincerity, the curtailment of prerogatives perilous to Christian humility, and the retrenchment of a splendor incompatible with Christian simplicity and spirituality. Yet after all, why talk of royalty, when there is episcopacy? The bishop's own case is one of the hardest. Twenty thousand pounds sterling *per annum* for life, with palaces, patronage and perquisites—surely there is matter here for the exercise of "the duty of prayer and intercession." What spiritual dangers can be compared with those which "surround the wearer of a" mitre, "considered as a servant of God, a steward of his household, a member of Christ's church, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven? How difficult to *them*, above all persons, must it be, to realize the precept," &c.

In virtue of this principle of the *sacredness of the individual*, the Christian gospel is a vast regenerative, revolutionizing force, permeating the whole structure of society and its institutions. We are learning to feel that even the criminal is within the scope of its operation. The "vindictive" theory of punishment—which sacrifices the individual to the passions of the community—is now pretty well exploded; and the "exemplary" theory which sacrifices the individual to the interests of the community—is less exclusively insisted on, than it was: we modify it with a large admixture of the "reformatory" theory, in which the individual is paramount. The feeling gains ground in society every year, and from time to time expresses itself in legislation, that whatever rights the criminal may have forfeited, he cannot forfeit his right to the means of moral improvement; and that any punishment, however well-deserved and exemplary, is essentially defective if it be not adapted to promote (otherwise than in the ecclesiastical-courts' fashion) the soul's health of the offender. That punishment which dismisses the culprit from the world as an incurable—cuts him off from all opportunity and possibility of restoration, with the miserable mockery of a judicial prayer that "the Lord may have mercy on his soul"—is gradually dropping into desuetude: and society seems less and less willing to despair of the moral amendment of those who have most deeply sinned against it.

The Christian doctrine of human brotherhood, so nobly enunciated by St. Paul at Athens—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men"—this doctrine of the unity of the human race, in nature, in rights, and in destination, is a distinct condemnation of another point in the politics of heathenism: if, indeed, it be fair to charge on the poor heathen, vices which have been faithfully copied, with additions and improvements, by every Christian nation under the sun. We speak of that exaggerated and exclusive *patriotism*, which treads down, without a scruple, the rights of weaker rivals, and counts all things fair in war. On the hackneyed objection to Christianity, that it does not inculcate patriotism, we need not waste a word: to this sort of patriotism—whether it take the form of military aggression, or of diplomatic lying and chicanery—Christianity stands, without a question, in strong antagonism. Of the politics of the New Testament, a great first principle is international justice, sincerity, and magnanimity—the subordination of all mere national interests, or supposed and seeming interests, to the one eternal, impartial law of right. Will it be said that this is a truism, scarcely needing a special and formal

\* "The Duty of Prayer and Intercession for our Rulers," a Sermon, by Charles James, Lord Bishop of London. 1838.

statement? Unfortunately, the truism is not yet allowed by our rulers to pass as a truth—not even in the abstract. The present prime minister of this Christian empire, which has its missionaries and its Bibles out at the ends of the earth, converting the heathen, does not hold, even in the abstract, that barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, are one in the eye of God, and God's law. He does not hold that the moral law of nations is an equal and impartial law. He believes not in the Christian faith that, as God has made all nations of one blood, so he has subjected all to one rule of right. He believes, rather, in the heathen faith, that there is "some great uncontrollable principle at work" in the intercourse of civilization with barbarism,\* which "demands a different course of conduct to be pursued" from that which the principle of Christian equity demands. He believes, in short, that the political morality of the New Testament, though all very well in its way and place—among gentlemen and gentlemenlike nations—will not do at the antipodes: the rule of doing to others as we would that others should do to us, is inapplicable to the peculiar and complicated circumstances of our Indian empire. A more heathenish doctrine than this of the "great uncontrollable principle" for dispensing with principle when and where convenient, could not be devised; it is worthy of some old robbing and murdering Roman general or proconsul. And the thing passed in our Christian House of Commons, with only an honest word or two of protest from one or two voices, went quietly through the press along with the rest of the day's news, and circulated over the Christian country without a syllable of objection from the Christian bishops, priests, and deacons. There was no clerical agitation got up against the great uncontrollable principle, as there was against the Whig Church-rate and Education schemes—nothing said about converting Sir Robert Peel and his majority to the Christian religion. Our ecclesiastical Christianity has other work on hand, of a more interesting kind—mounting guard on Irish tithes, and barricading the Universities against Dissenters.

\* In recalling attention to the following piece of unblushing Machiavelism, recently uttered by the most decorous and guarded of our public men, we do not mean to cast any special blame on Sir Robert Peel. He is not, that we know, a worse man in his theory than the average of our diplomatists and politicians; and, in some points, he is a better man in his practice than many who talk more about their Christianity. The real evil is, not that one man should be found to enunciate such a doctrine as that which we proceed to quote, but that only one or two men should be found, in the whole House of Commons, to protest against it as it deserves; and that the shameless vindication of a flagitious public crime should have been attended by no perceptible loss of character to the statesman who gave utterance to it:—

"We may lay down what positions we please with respect to the propriety of observing in our Indian policy the same rules and principles which are observed between European states—we may pass acts of Parliament interdicting the governor-general from extending his territories by conquest; but I am afraid there is some great principle at work where civilization and refinement come in contact with barbarism, which makes it impossible to apply the rules observed toward more advanced nations; more especially where civilization and refinement come in contact with barbarism in an immensely extended country. \* \* \* Whatever may be the principle which may regulate the conduct of civilized nations when coming in contact with each other, I am afraid that when civilization and barbarism come in contact there is some uncontrollable principle of a very different description, which demands a different course of conduct to be pursued."—*Sir Robert Peel's Speech on the Amerees of Sinde, February 8, 1844.*

Its solicitude for the soul's health of the people is all expended on recusant rate payers.

It must be allowed that the Christianity of this country rarely appears to much advantage in our politics: On nearly every one of the public questions which politicians make religious questions, the Christianity of our legislators—those of them who are most given to talk about their Christianity—will be found on the wrong side. The Christian religion is seldom brought into politics except to do mischief, to stop the way of rational and beneficent legislation. Our political and parliamentary Christianity is a Christianity that wages fierce war against poor men's hot Sunday dinners, and Sunday walks in green fields, and Sunday excursions by steamboat and railway, and Sunday visits to museums, picture-galleries, and zoological gardens—against everything that can refine the tastes, stimulate the intellect, refresh the heart, and do good to the health and spirits of the pallid week-day dwellers in city lanes and alleys. It is fond of extending the list of the theological *mala prohibita*. It is never so well pleased as when it is restricting somebody from doing or enjoying something: there are men who would not, if they could help it, let poor people do the very thing that Jesus Christ himself did—walk through the fields on the Sabbath-day. It is an obstructive and teasing, a frivolous and vexatious Christianity. It stops the people from being educated. In the present state of opinion and feeling on this subject, there is positively nothing in the way of a large and effectual measure of national education, except our ecclesiastical, and sectarian Christianity: the thing might be done to-morrow, but that the Jews of the established church will have no dealings with the Samaritans of dissent. It is a Christianity that makes a conscience of keeping Ireland, year after year, at the boiling point of peaceable and constitutional insurrection, rather than relinquish its uppermost room at the feast of fat things, and its chief seat in courts and parliaments. It is a Christianity that cannot live without its orthodox hands in heretical pockets. Church surplices must be washed and mangled, church organs tuned, church clocks wound up, and church roofs new slated, at the cost and charge of the people who do not go to church:—and they call that *paying a peppercorn rent to God*. It is a meddling, busy-bodied Christianity, about trifles or things indifferent, and politely dumb in view of evils which it ought to denounce with voice of thunder. The church has not a word to say against the iniquity of taxing the poor man's bread, to swell the rich man's rent. Our political Christianity lifts up its voice, not against fraud, hypocrisy, oppression, class-legislation, and the spirit of wickedness in high places—but against heresy, schism, unbelief, and misbelief; forgetting that the "Woe, woe unto you" of the founder of the Christian church was pointed, not at the Samaritan schismatics or the Sadducee infidels, but at the orthodox, duly consecrated, and legitimately ordained "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites."

The political ideas and principles of the New Testament, like all other great moral truths, tend ever—with an inherent, resistless, though slowly-working force—to their own realization. It says nothing against this, that we have had Christianity in the world these eighteen hundred years, without having yet properly learned one of its lessons. We have had the sun and moon these six

thousand years, day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge—and we have not yet learned *their* religion. The Christian gospel of brotherhood and spiritual equality, in the laborious slowness of its progress, the limitation of its influence, and the extent and seeming inveteracy of its corruptions, only shares the fate of other moral truths. Meanwhile, it furnishes us with abundant encouragement, under the tardy and imperfect character of its own successes. The symbols in which its Founder pictured its future progress are indicative, not of miraculous metamorphosis, but of natural growth—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear:" nor are the enemy and his tares forgotten. Truly, "there are many antichrists," as the apostle says; and their power is great as their natures are various:—the antichrist of mammon, the antichrist of aristocracy and class-legislation, the antichrist of spiritual tyranny, the antichrist of pharisaism and hypocrisy, the antichrist of the "great uncontrollable principle," that loves a gainful iniquity better than a losing honesty. But the politics of the New Testament—the politics of justice and mercy, of spiritual liberty and equality—are stronger than all the antichrists together. The Christian gospel is, at this moment, all external hinderances and internal corruption notwithstanding, the mightiest moral force we have, both as a conservator and destroyer. There are no signs of old age upon it. It can, in truth, grow old only when the world grows old. The nations of the European family received it in their infancy; and, in the life of nations, as of the individual, those are the vital and enduring characteristics which are impressed during the age of early, rapid growth. The religion whose author loved, under the title of Son of Man, to identify himself with universal humanity; the religion which began its life with putting down polygamy, gladiatorship, serfdom, and other such abominations; which, in our own time, has reformed our penal code, stopped our slave-trade, emancipated our slaves, and is still fighting the good fight beyond the Atlantic, showing abundant signs, by the way, where the real strength lies; this religion, which, despite of all the corruptions that have been fastened on it, and all the crimes that have been perpetrated in its name, has ever been a civilizing influence in the midst of barbarism, and a moralizing influence in the heart of an effeminate and artificial civilization, will live while any part of its benign mission remains unaccomplished—will live till it has exorcised all the evil spirits that haunt and vex the world. The moral ideas that constitute the life of Christianity contain within themselves the promise and programme of our age to come.

The world has long since had out its laugh at the Fifth-monarchy men. The notion of those people has, indeed, a sufficiently grotesque look, as clad in the garb of the century before last: yet the idea is a grand and true one—of a kingdom different from the old kingdoms of the world, ruled by other laws and in another spirit—a kingdom of heaven, a reign of truth and right, a republic of the virtues, a universal *Tugendbund*. In another name, and under another form, the world will have its fifth monarchy yet. Such, at least, is our reading of the politics of the New Testament.

#### ORANGE GROVES OF ST. MICHAEL.

THE orange plantations or quintas of St. Michael are of large extent, always encircled by a wall from

fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation-belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c., to protect the orange-trees from the sea-breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep, (lined with pieces of lava, and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya, and broom,) until the tender orange-plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no farther care is taken of it, beyond tarring occasionally the stem, to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges: a gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. The crops are purchased, previous to their arrival at a state of maturity, by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the year's probable produce through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops gain a livelihood thereby; and such is the skill whereto they attain, that by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state, with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are a very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off: a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night; or it may be entirely destroyed by insects. Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighborhood which is quite delicious.—*Bold's Western Islands.*

From Cambers' Journal.

#### READING ALOUD IN WORKSHOPS.

THE following sensible and useful letter, from a working man in Dundee, is printed word for word as we received it:—

GENTLEMEN:—Reading a few well-timed remarks in your Journal of yesterday (October 19) relative to the too much neglected, but necessary practice of reading aloud, has induced me to send you the following brief account of the system at present practised by the hacklers of Dundee (and the same may be said of the whole flax-dressing body throughout Scotland):—

Every large mill has one, two, three or more hackling-shops attached. Each shop, however limited the number of workmen employed, gets one local newspaper, and one Edinburgh, Glasgow, or London newspaper, the workmen appointing a



man for collecting the subscriptions, and looking after the regularly receiving the papers. A little squabbling at times takes place about the propriety of ordering certain papers, the continuing or discontinuing them; but this is quickly settled by the *president*\* taking up the number of votes for each paper, the minority of course giving in to the majority; but in cases where the voting is nearly equal, the paper of each party is subscribed for alternately; and very often, when there are two thirds of the workmen of any shop for one paper, and one third for another, then one paper comes two weeks successively, and the paper of the other party comes once in three weeks. One shop also gives another shop papers in exchange; by this means it is no uncommon thing for a shop to have one paper for each day in the week, apart from cheap periodicals.

Each man is expected to read an equal share of any paper whether he is pleased with it or not, so that the majority think it should be read; however, there is no compelling any one to read, and it is a very rare occurrence for any one to refuse. Should the shop be too large for some individuals being able to make themselves heard, then they must find some one else to read for them, which is easily done by working for the reader till he has read his column or share. After everything of any importance has been read, each workman generally gives his opinion upon this or that speech, town-council proceedings, &c. &c. I have often wished some of our worthy M. P.'s could just have heard a few of the unsophisticated remarks made upon some of their *rapturously-received* speeches; for in hackling-shops it is the *matter* of a speech that is looked to, not the language—the utility of a debate, not the length nor the cleverness displayed. By this means the flax-dressers, as a body, have become better informed than any other class of working-men, and, as a natural consequence, become more intelligent. Many who have learned the flax-dressing business, and could neither read nor write when they commenced, have, by means of reading aloud—that is, in hearing others read—have actually been forced through shame to learn what they might in all probability have remained ignorant of; and I have heard many a good reader boast that a few years ago he "couldn't tell a B by a bull's foot!" It may be said by some that it would be a means of causing men to neglect their work, should reading in shops become general; but it is a remarkable fact, that in those hackling-shops where most papers or books are read, most work is done. The cost of the papers is a mere trifle, for each paper sells for at least two-thirds of its value; some of the workmen buying, reads for the evening, for the benefit of their families; and the paper altogether, when a few days old, to send to some distant friend; some papers sell for their full value. Your Journal in general brings from three-halfpence to twopence each week, so that a farthing or halfpenny is generally over, to help to make up the deficiency of something else. Were our wages a little better (and our masters tell us they could afford to give more, but that they will only give us it if some one else does; none will make a beginning; we are against strikes, and our masters only laugh at us,) and our workshops a little healthier†—our homes a

\* Each hackling-shop has a president.

† Hackling-shops are the most wretched-looking places you can have any idea of. There are a few exceptions.

little larger, and better furnished—I feel confident flax-dressers would be surpassed by no body of working-men whatever for intelligence, information, cleanliness, and exemplary conduct. You can make what use of this you please. I am, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM HAY.

From the Tribune.

"FOR BEHOLD THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

BY H. W. OF PORTLAND.

PILGRIM to the heavenly city,  
Groping wildered on thy way;  
Look not to the outward landmark,  
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking  
Some new idol found each day;  
All that dazzled, all that glittered,  
Lured thee from the path away.

On the outward world relying,  
Earthly treasures thou wouldst heap;  
Titled friends and lofty honors  
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,  
All the lore of books is thine;  
And within thy stately mansion,  
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly droop the silken curtains  
Round those high and mirrored halls;  
And on mossy Persian carpets  
Silently thy proud step falls.

Not the gentlest wind of heaven  
Dares too roughly fan thy brow,  
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams  
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet 'midst all these outward riches,  
Has thy heart no void confessed—  
Whispering, though each wish be granted,  
Still, oh still I am not blessed!

And when happy, careless children,  
Lured thee with their winning ways,  
Thou hast sighed in vain contrition,  
Give me back those golden days.

Hadst thou stooped to learn their lesson—  
Truthful preachers—they had told  
Thou thy kingdom hadst forsaken,  
Thou hast thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions,  
Up and boldly claim thy own;  
Seize the crown, that waits thy wearing,  
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,  
'Mong the planets far away;  
Trust not to the distant future,  
Let thy heaven begin to-day.

When thy struggling soul hath conquered,  
When the path lies fair and clear,  
When thou art prepared for heaven,  
Thou wilt find that heaven is here.